GIRL FRENZY

ISSUE 2 • £1.50

TRINA ROBBINS ~ Then & Now

MYRA HANCOCK Interview

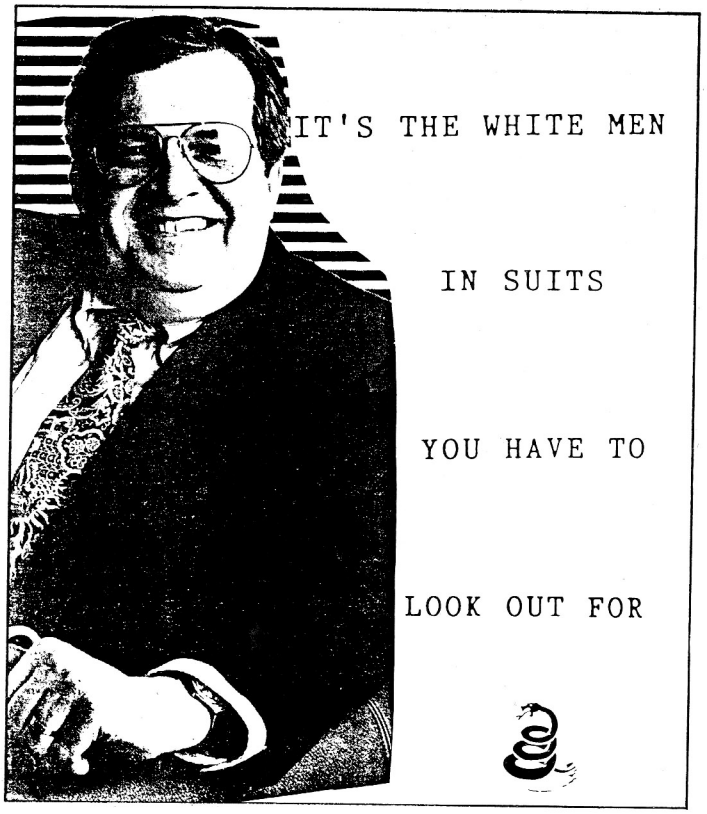
Unshaven Ravings ~ BODY HAIR

SCUM

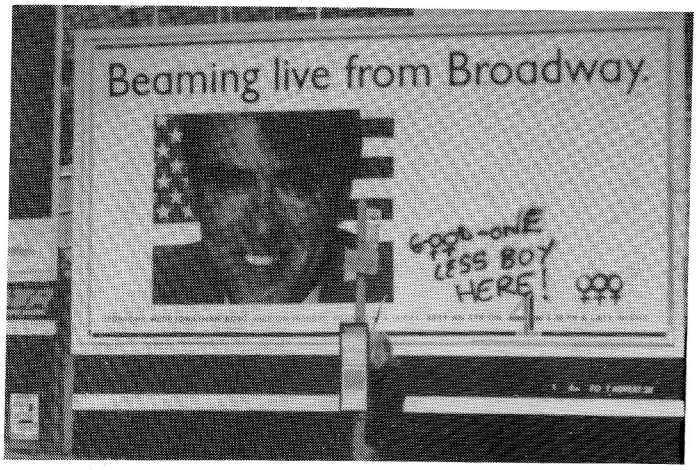
Spin-offs

Reviews

& More!



FROM SISTER SERPENT HELENA PERKINS (MADWOMAN)



GRAFFITI COURTESY OF THE LESBIAN MARKETING BOARD, BRIGHTON — Bottom photo by Lu Hening

Back at last!

Hello and Welcome to *GirlFrenzy 2* — back by popular demand, and even bigger and just as good as first time round. Nº 1 was so successful that it had virtually sold out in three months which is pretty stunning. About 1100 were printed and there's none left now — but I hope that doesn't mean you're all going to go anal retentive on me and stick your pristine first issues in plastic bags under the mattress. I did look in to doing a reprint but decided it made more sense to put time and money into number two.

The response has been really cockle-warming. I must have got letters from more than 60 people, mainly women. I was expecting a few venomous diatribes to start a heated letters page, but the feedback was generally too positive to make interesting reading. That doesn't mean everyone liked everything in the mag by any means. Some places refused to stock it — mainly on account of the pictures in the *Sex and Sexism in Comics* article by Trina Robbins, and some people didn't like the pro-porn arguments that were included, but no-one sent me any written criticism or an article with an opposing view to publish in this issue.

I would really love more contributions for nº 3 — articles, strips, newspaper cuttings, photos of graffiti or whatever. Don't be put off if you haven't done anything like it before — neither had most of the women who contributed to this issue. No-one gets paid for their work by the way — this is a fanzine and proud of it — any money goes towards the next one.

Number one was produced as an alternative to paying poll tax. It more than covered its costs, and that, plus some money for the Meanwhile ad and a bit more of the so-called poll tax is being ploughed in to this issue. Yup — the cover price has gone up, (and so has the number of pages) but nº 3 has got to be printed at a commercial rate so I've got to get a lot more money back this time.

Well, I hope you enjoy this issue and reckon it was worth chopping down the trees to print it. I look forward to your feedback. **— Erica**

Please send contributions, letters etcetera to:

GIRLFRENZY, BM SENIOR, LONDON WC1N 3XX, UK

I'm aiming to get nº 3 out by August 92. Please send contributions as soon as possible, and by June at the very latest.

GirlFrenzy — by women for people

Slurpy Credits

Thanks to everyone who wrote to me or sent stuff in for this issue — I've put in as much as there was space for. It's been really good to make contact with so many people from all over the place. Putting GirlFrenzy together takes me much longer than I expect and takes up a fair amount of my free time, but I do really enjoy it, and it's good to know that a lot of people seemed to like reading it.

A special thank you for Sion who printed both GirlFrenzys at cost price, and Christina who has been a Grade 'A' Frenzied Girl, and thanks also to the people I work with who have to put up with me blathering on about Bike Girl and Body Hair and Valerie Solanas. This includes Bob who supplied some photographs for this issue even though I didn't make him chop his willy off. Also: Hayley, Shau-Lan, Sarah, Stewart, Peter, Jennie, Jane, Nuphin, Woodrow, Ken & Ken.

AK PRESS MAILORDER

AK PRESS are distributors of GirlFrenzy. They also stock lots of other interesting comics and books & pamphlets on subjects such as anarchism, feminism, herstory, punk, philosophy, animal rights, fiction and so much more!

So why not send off an A5 SAE (or 3 IRCs) for their newly updated catalogue:

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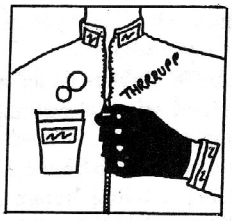

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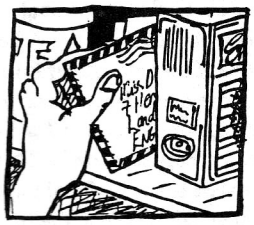

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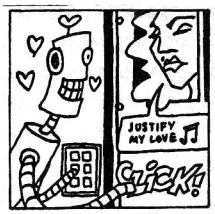

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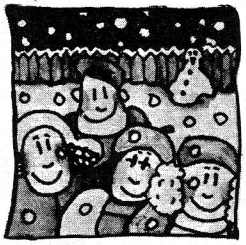


Lizzy Baker

COVER BY CAROLINE DELLA PORTA

Demand the Supply

This issue brings you strips from a motley crew of new and used comic artists. *The Brighton Bitches* are back, in a full page strip, courtesy of **Jo Bourne**. Jo is an illustrator and produces greetings cards as well as being a mean Queen of the Karaoke Scene.

Estelle who produced the insight into *Chorley life* on p7, and **Snopes** who wrote *Time of The Month* on p30 both contribute to ***CIA***, the Nottingham based 'zine that's well worth 50p of anyone's money for it's devilish brew of sharp strips, newspaper clippings and articles (not to mention the Beans on Toast recipe page). Details on p7.

All the Gods are Really Good Looking is by Miffy Tristram. Miffy edits the fantastic ***Dumb Meets Stoopid***, a comic which is well worth £1.50 (plus a 28p SAE) from 32 Shaftesbury Road, Brighton, East Sussex, but she's trekking round the world 'til June '92, so don't send your cheques off yet. *All the Gods* may also appear in the ***Comix Compendium*** out soon from Mangajin Books, a Canadian publisher. The compendium promises to be "a yearly ogle at Alternative Comix" — 200 pages long, perfect bound and might even include reprints from GirlFrenzy 1 amongst stuff from all over the world. Keep an eye out for it.

Bike Girl makes a dual appearance this issue — **Christine Bell** gets off her bike to expose the fetishistic craving for day-glo protection in *Top Gear*, whilst *Pop Assassin* by **Erica Smith** is a re-write of the diet Tango ad as seen at the flicks. Cycling provides more than enough material and wishful thinking to motivate our pens. Any more bike girls out there should send in their stories too, please.

Trina Robbins' strip *Mom Gets Sick* is also included in the new ***Wimmin's Comix*** (Rip-Off Press) which should be out now and should be sought out by you. Trina started producing strips for underground comics in the States in the late '60s. Reproduced here is one of her early pieces, *Suzy SlumGoddess* (1970) which deserves to see the light of day again. ***Buddies 2*** includes a Trina cut-out-doll special — a chance to dress and undress The Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence — what more could anyone wish for?

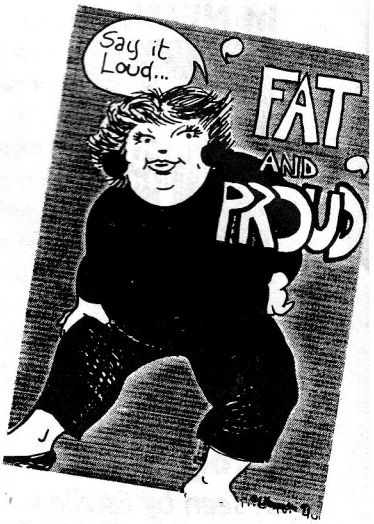
Caroline Della Porta is responsible for this issue's lovely orange cover, and the strip on p16 which is the first strip she ever produced, reprinted from ***Strip Aids UK***. She's had work in ***Crisis***, ***Revolver*** and ***Heartbreak Hotel*** as well as a strip in *Fanny 3* (on ***Immaculate Deceptions***) due out in May. Caroline's style owes much to her training as a textile designer and her concurrent illustration work.

Mail Art Morning is a tribute to Post Box junkies — Mail Art is an international network of people who send each other rubber-stamped and multi-stickered creations. An ideal way to make yourself feel popular and wind-up the postie, as well as providing contacts all over the world so you can kip on their floors. If you want to join in, have a gander in Artist's Newsletter which lists mail art projects. **Christina Lamb** who penned this strip is an occasional mail artist, and she also wrote the article on p26 about body hair. She's currently working on an exploration of Health.

Carolyn Ridsdale is a prolific producer of great strips. The *Bunkum* included here is constructed from six four-pic strips. She's also an illustrator and has had work printed in ***City Limits***, ***Ms London*** and ***Midweek*** amongst other titles. Her other characters include *Aggie Bullschizer and Fishbones*, her down-to-earth dog, and *the Foibles* — two sisters with nothing in common but their flat-share.

Erica Wright is an illustrator who specialises in cartoons. Lately she's been working on ideas about role-reversal and smart responses to comments from smart-asses in the street.

One Cold Wet Sunday is a gem from **Lee Kennedy** who also has strips in ***Ceasefire*** (*Fanny 1*, £2.60), and *Being Fat is not a Sin* (Shelley Bovey, Pandora) and she's done some brilliant work for Cath Tate Cards. Also, look out for her



work in ***Voyeuse*** (*Fanny 2*), ***Sugar and Spice***, ***Bosom Buddies*** and ***Women's Glib*** (Women's Press).

Life's a Bitch was inspired by an over-heard comment and was a collaboration with **Vanessa Whight** who works with me on the Apple Mac and makes me laugh with her drawings of the Milk Fairy. More next issue I hope ...

Helen Bowling's work combines high-and-low-tech for her *Sindy Stories* — working with computers, xeroxes and sticky labels to create strips from another dimension. This issue explores thoughts from Sindy on holiday.

Meesh Mash is a *Madonna* fan and proud of it, and so am I, hence the inclusion of this spacey fantasy. When she's not drawing, Meesh works for ***DJ*** magazine and plays percussion in many a band.

Lizzie Baker studied at the London Cartoon Centre and is about to set up in business as an illustrator and cartoonist. Look out for her work in future issues of ***Bosom Buddies*** and ***Fanny***.

SUZIE SLUMGODDESS
WHERE IS SHE NOW?
OOH PEACE AND LUV, EVERYBODY! WE'RE ALL SO BEAUTIFUL! LET'S TRIP ON ACID AND PAINT FLOWERS ALL OVER OUR BODIES AND DANCE UNDER STROBE LIGHTS!
AN' I DON'T WEAR A BRA AN' I'M A GROUPIE AN' PROUD OF IT AN' I'M ONLY FIFTEEN!
IN 1966 SUZIE SLUMGODDESS LIVED ON AVENUE C. WITH HER CATS & HER I CHING
TODAY WE FOUND SISTER SUZIE X AT THE BARRICADES...
RIGHT ON! OFF THE COUNTER-REVOLUTIONARY SEXIST PIG FORCES OF AMERIKAN RACISM! BOMB THEIR BANKS! UP AGAINST THE WALL, MACHO MUTHA FUKKA! FREE ANGELA DAVIS!
AN' I'M NINETEEN NOW, AN' I STILL DON'T WEAR A BRA!
SUZIE SEZ
LOOK ME UP IN 1974 FOR MORE FUN AND SURPRISES ...IF WE'RE STILL ALIVE...
By Trina

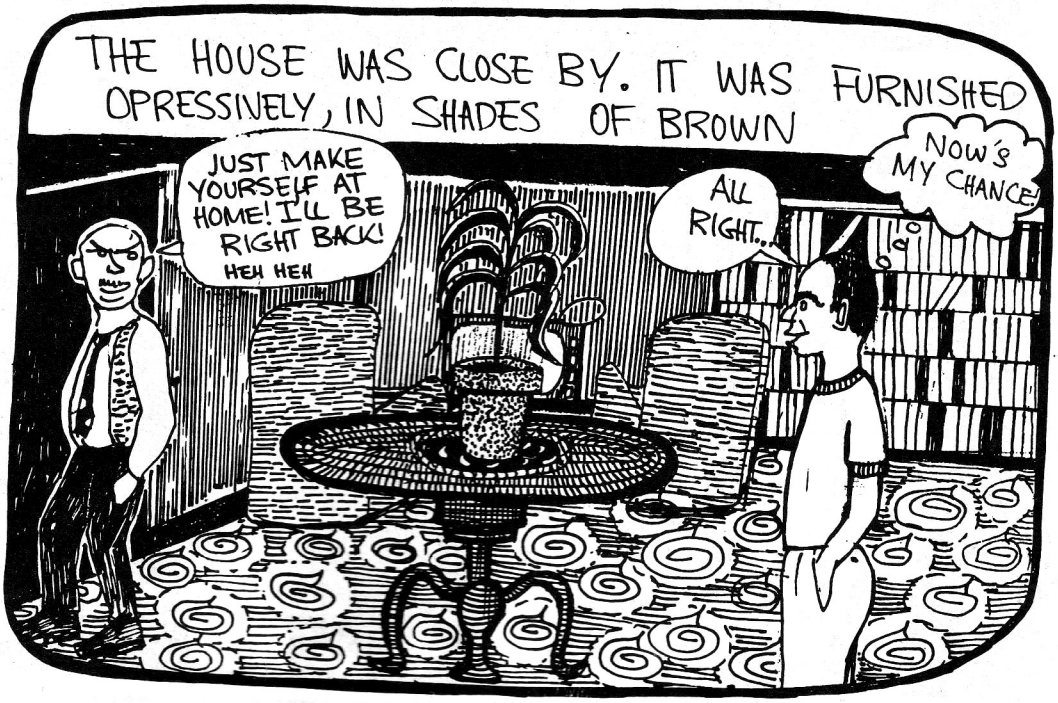
...other comics

The comic books that I've already mentioned should all be available from comic stores, so if they're not there, make sure they get them in. Other comics that I think are worth keeping an eye on are ***Drawn and Quarterly*** — a Canadian compilation comic, and ***Dirty Plotte***, by the French Canadian **Julie Doucet** who is Divine Gracelessness personified. **Fiona Smyth** is a Toronto-based comic artist with a style somewhere between Mary Fleener and Julie Doucet. Her ***Nocturnal Emissions*** (Vortex Comics) is worth checking out. The last issue of ***Raw*** that I saw had excellent strips in by **Aline Kominsky-Crumb** and **Lynda Barry**. And I've just read ***Love That Bunch*** (Fantagraphics £9.95), a collection of strips by Aline Kominsky which is absolutely brilliant.

Being stingy, I find the prices of imported comics are more than a bit off-putting, so it's good to hear what other people recommend, and what's worth looking out for. Personally, I'm getting pretty fed up with the more recent issues of ***Love and Rockets***, the stories are trailing hopelessly, although Gilbert's stuff has the edge over Jaime. Have a look through the compilation books like ***Ape Sex*** and ***Human Diatrophism*** instead.

Corinne Pearlman co-produced ***1+1*** — a Terence Higgins Trust comic which includes great strips by Corinne, **Woodrow Phoenix**, **David Hine** and **Myra Hancock** and costs £1.50. It's got a lime green cover and is a damn good read. Corinne also co-edited ***The Comic Book of First Love*** and ***The Comic Book of the Facts of Life***. These are slim Penguin paper backs at £3.99 each with a medley of strips by the above mentioned artists plus **Al Davison**, **Bif** and many others. Ideal gifts for younger friends and relatives (after you've read 'em cover to cover yourself).

Shlurpy Durpy is the latest output from **Wild Beast** who was featured in the last issue of GirlFrenzy. Shlurpy Durpy includes more Wild Beast wisdom including *Ten Steps to Self Actualisation* — Step One: "Leave your clothes lying all over the floor. You are as the first human – free! Untramelled! The original monkey thing!" Whilst *Big Bananas* is the tale of a revenge that didn't quite pay off. Wild Beast has returned to South Africa and should be a proud mum by now, but you can get *In The Jungle* (£3) and *Shlurpy Durpy* (£2) from PO Box 664, London E5 0JW. Include 50p p+p per item.


THE HOUSE WAS CLOSE BY. IT WAS FURNISHED OPRESSIVELY, IN SHADES OF BROWN
JUST MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!
HEH HEH
ALL RIGHT..
NOW'S MY CHANCE!

Big Bananas from Shlurpy Durpy by Wild Beast

Other comic books that have come my way include ***Donna*** — an A5 xeroxed jobbie by **Peter Rigg**. Donna is a tough cookie in charge of a despondent, overworked and underpaid crew in an ad agency. The stories centre around the lads in the studio and I found them really funny. Send a quid and SAE to P.R. 150 Beaufort Street, Nelson, Lancashire BB9 0SA if you want to see for yourself.

Pete Dorée writes and draws *The Infernal Gods of Electric Disaster* — a miserable Goth band whose life consists of rehearsal rooms and lager hangovers. Rock'n'roll animals should send £1.50 plus a 34p SAE to P.D. 19 King Court, Capworth Street, Leytonstone, London E10 5AJ.

Mental by **Graham Harwood** is the story of a Gulf fighter-pilot who comes to his senses and guns down his squadron leader: War Comics meet a Computer infected with Anarcho-Virus. The pictures are scanned and scrambled to stunning effect — Frans Masereel for the 1990s. Shit hot print job, 40 pages long, with a poster (and a flexi-disc). £4.50 plus50p p+p from the Working Press, 85 St Agnes Place, Kennington, London SE11 5SB.

Other media...

ARSON is an occasional magazine produced by **Liz Sterling**. The last issue (no 3) is A5, 40 pages long and costs £1.50 plus 34p SAE from 8 Roundhay Mount, Harehills, Leeds LS8 4DW. It's theme is the ever popular SEX and there's a nice mixture of artwork and extracts from interesting texts such as **Griselda Pollock**'s *Whose Images of Women*.

Liz is also helping to compile a book called ***Wild Wimmin*** for release sometime this year. Contributions of any sort from bona fide wild wimmin everywhere are very welcome, so please send them to **Arlene J Sticklebatt** at the above address (but don't expect payment for your works).

GirlFrenzy has a wayward Stateside big sister called ***Mad-Woman***! Issue 2 is a 40 page comb-bound and xeroxed attack on patriarchy which I really enjoyed. Collages, clippings and writings by women which are interesting, angry and rousing but never moany. Send $5 (and submissions for nº 3) to *Mad-Woman*, 1138 n. Wilcott 3R, Chicago, IL 60622, USA

DNR zine is produced by **Julie Mackie**. I've got the first issue which includes interesting articles on female circumcision, Biotechnology and eugenics, lesbian and gay class war and interviews with *We Are The Men* and *John Wayne Army*. A nice little selection for 50p plus 18p SAE from 44 Garth Hedds, Newcastle-upon-Tyne NE1 2JE. And hopefully nº 2 should be out by now too.

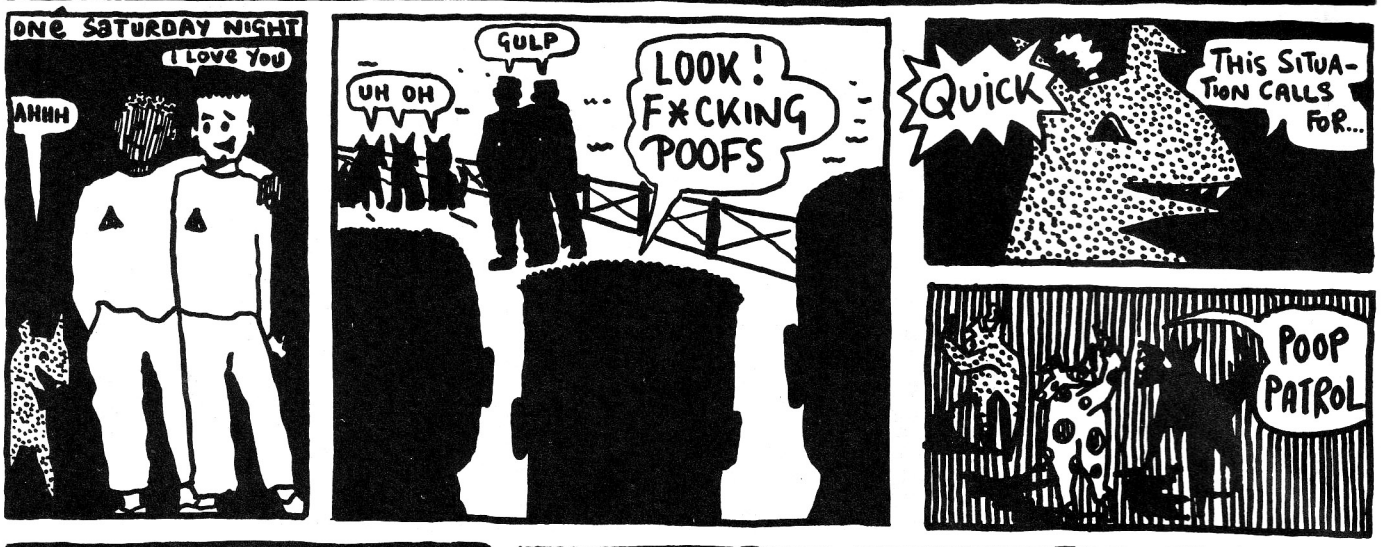
Feminist Arts News has been around for about twelve years now, and it's getting smarter with every issue. The latest one I've got is about Censorship and Freedom of Speech and includes some interesting articles about various aspects of censorship. Each issue has a theme such as 'Working Class Women' or 'Photography'. They cost £2 each and you can get 'em from arty/lefty bookshops, or direct from FAN, Unit 26, 30–38 Dock Street, Leeds LS10 1JF.

And if you haven't bought a copy of ***Shocking Pink*** yet, it's

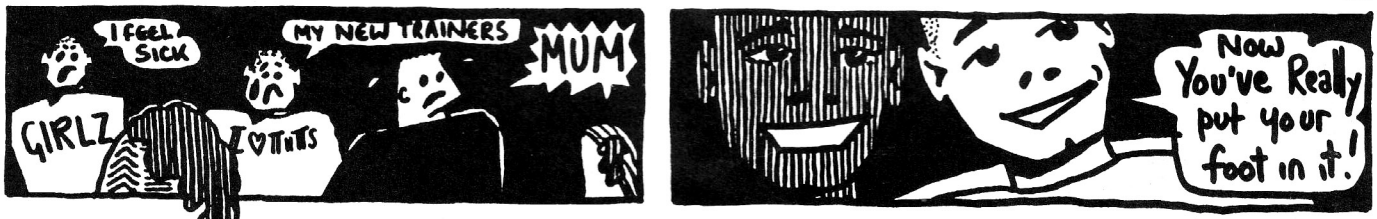
THE BRIGHTON BITCHES IN...

NEMESIS

Mirabelle Joan Annie



We Refuse to be intimidated by homophobic people...
....So we're not scared of YOU!
ONLY TERRIFIED
I ♥ TITS
Well we HATE Wooftahs and we're Gonna kill you
BRIGHTON BITCHES TO THE RESCUE
DEATH RAY
OOH-THIS IS A WOOPER
Yeuch



EYE-SAW 20-10-91

Demand the Supply

about time you did. Still only 90p for a mish mash of articles, reviews, interviews, press clippings and some great comic strips and photo stories. You can get it in most lefty bookshops, or send £3.50 for four issues to Shocking Pink, 121 Railton Road, Brixton, London SE24.

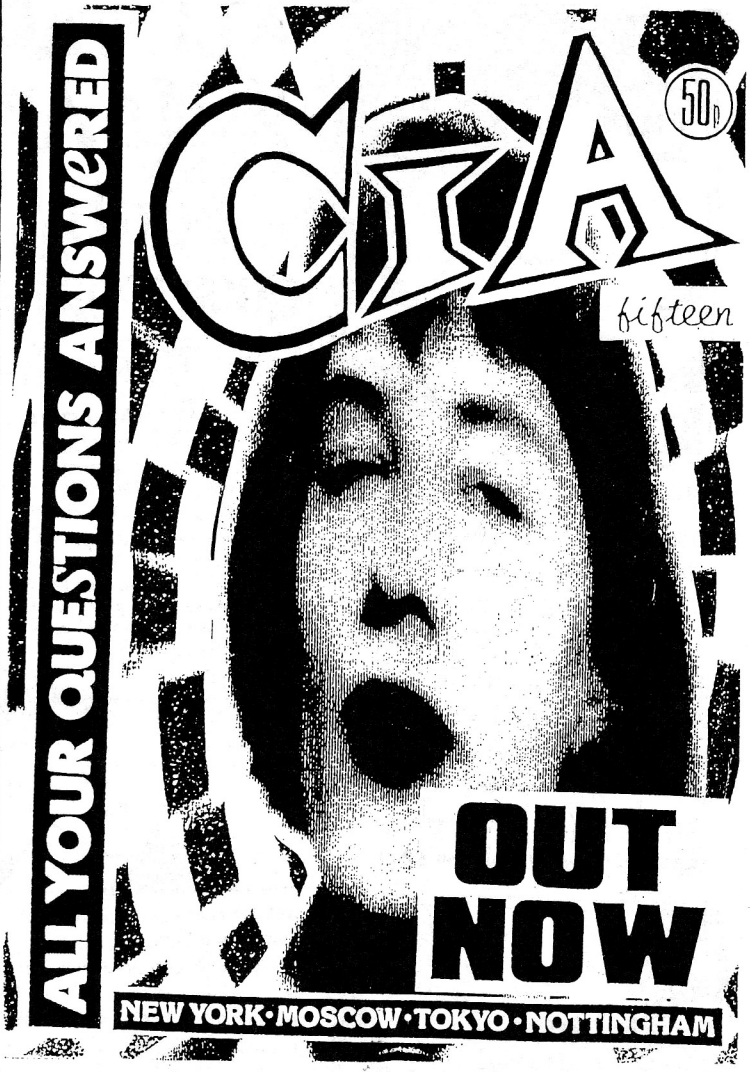
Honeymoon with Death is a wonderfully grim collection of short stories by **Bridget Penney**. The title story is a calculated tale of revenge in filme noire style. After witnessing the bloody murder of her lover and being brutally raped, Lucy Snow proves tougher than her Bronte namesake and dedicates her life to the systematic removal of her aggressors.

All the stories share a bleak atmosphere — set in out-of-season resorts or cold, remote towns. *Sister Anne* is the strangest Doctor/Nurse love story you will ever read, set against a back drop of enforced euthanasia, whilst *His Right Hand* concerns a woman sharp-shooter who joins the army disguised as a man. These stories are strangely haunting, written in a very clipped way with an occasional description so vivid it feels like the cinema. Bridget has also written a tale of Gotham City which is being drawn up by comic artist Woodrow Phoenix for publication this year. More scripts should follow.

Honeymoon with Death is published by Polygon at £7.95 (order it from your local library).

Lastly, anyone of a libertarian bent should send off to the Lesbian and Gay Freedom Movement for their newsletters which include interesting comment on repressive legislation such as Clause 25; S&M relationships; fat oppression; adult/child relationships and pornography. You can get the next four issues for £5 waged or £3 unwaged (or free if you *really* are skint) from LGFM, BM Box 207, London WC1N 3XX. Send cash or a blank postal order.

A public bar in sunny Chorley
Butch Beer
Butch Beer
A Pint of Stout Please Barman
heh, heh... d'you want a cherry, or a paper umbrella then?
Butch Beer
So, were ya born ignorant, or did the brewery Send you on a training Course?
Newton + Ridley



In Defence Of 'Thelma and Louise', Women, Violence and The Law, I Was A Teenage Butlins Waitress, Why I Don't Read Comics, Kicking Out The Facists, Whatever Happened To Baby James ?, Dinner Time, Skate Bunnies, Heterosexual Relationships Explained, Best Days Of Our Lives ?, Judge Dead, Inter Racial Relationships Explained, Trashed, Cookery ?, Needlecraft ?, Gardening, Letters, tons and tons and tons more

70p incl. postage from:
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CHEQUES PAYABLE TO: "DMG"

ALL THE gods Are really GOOD LOOKING

by TRISTRAM PUPPY and the wet noses

All the gods are really good-looking they all wear t-shirts and their faces are all white with such clear clear features all splashed on top with the hand of a genius artist and all the gods pout and bounce along their wonders to perform all the gods have long eyelashes that cast shadows on the wall.

They get fanmail it is called PRAYERS. The best looking god is Jeffry. When you wake up and lie in bed and it's 20 to 8 and you hear the post come and you think · I won't go and check it for 10 minutes that means there will be a big parcel for ME · that's Jeffry you're praying to. But oh Jeffry is so pretty he's ARROGANT and usually he says

I don't care how long you stays in bed you aint getting nothing today not no postcard from Brighton not no long letter from some unrequited longhaired lover no I am God of the post and you get a bank statement and you count yourself lucky.
AA! YEH.

All the gods are really good looking except me. I'm the special God of Smalltalk. I'm ugly ugly ugly and the other gods they think im not important as them but I am I am I am and I does my job real real well I don't hang around all day choosing what stripey t-shirt to wear no everyday I just pulls on my tanktop and cords and I goes to my office

One time Anny tripped me up she said · it was a mistake she was in a hurry to buy some new mascara but she was smiling when she said that. Anyway, upshot was all my smalltalk I'd prepared for the whole week went down to the world all in one day and got all used up in a frenzy of nothingness lasting 24 hrs and what's more I couldn't prepare no more cos I'd twisted my feet when I fell over and the goddoctor said 6 days COMPLETE rest in a chair.

It was boring. I ate a lot of boiled sweets but I don't like the orange ones.

Down on earth is where the ugly people live. If you see anyone lovely that's a god or a angel on a day trip. Down on earth that week things went somewhat awry when the **small talk ran out** because I am the god of keeping things ordinary I am the god of limited excitement. Down on earth a boss meant to say to his secretary 'And how are we this morning?' and found himself saying,

And down on earth exlovers Natalie and James found their planned pleasantaries somewhat inadequate.

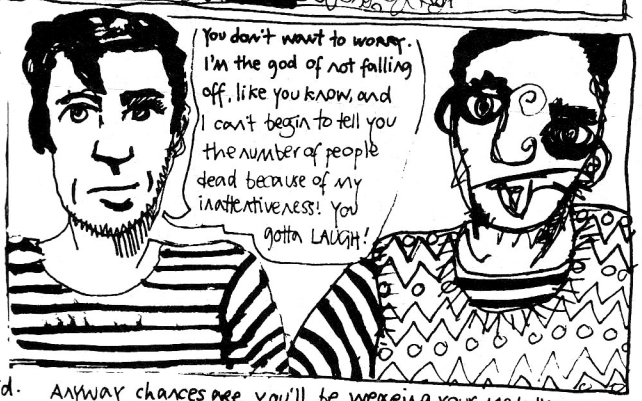
This is terrible. I thought we could talk about records and tv but every time I open my mouth I nearly tell her how much I want her. Why can't I just say · did you see Eastenders yesterday. or · shall I cut my hair or anything anything anything huh?
oh this silence is awful. I thought we could just be friends but somethings not right. I've got this urge to talk politics but he hates that.. so why won't the proportional representation argument leave my mind?
FISH OF THE WORLD
BASQUIAT + WARHOL
ART IN VIENNA
LOVE LESSONS
Patti Smith Babel
EVERYWOMAN
MARXISM

Oh woe. Natalie and James succumbed to their need to talk and once they launched themselves into matters of great import, they couldn't stop. The undiluted intensity proved too much. All night and all day for nine days they talked until, emotionally exhausted, they expired within minutes of one another. James and Natalie were the first ever fatalities from a lack of small talk. And I could only sit and watch, sucking a blackcurrant boiled sweet.

When I saw them die I had a terrible stomach ache. I'd been working here for 30 years and not once did anyone ever die for a lack of small talk.

When the other gods found out they laughed a lot and one of them gave me my own stripey t-shirt.

Andy hit me on the back. It was hard. and he said


You don't want to worry. I'm the god of not falling off, like you know, and I can't begin to tell you the number of people dead because of my inattentiveness! You gotta LAUGH!

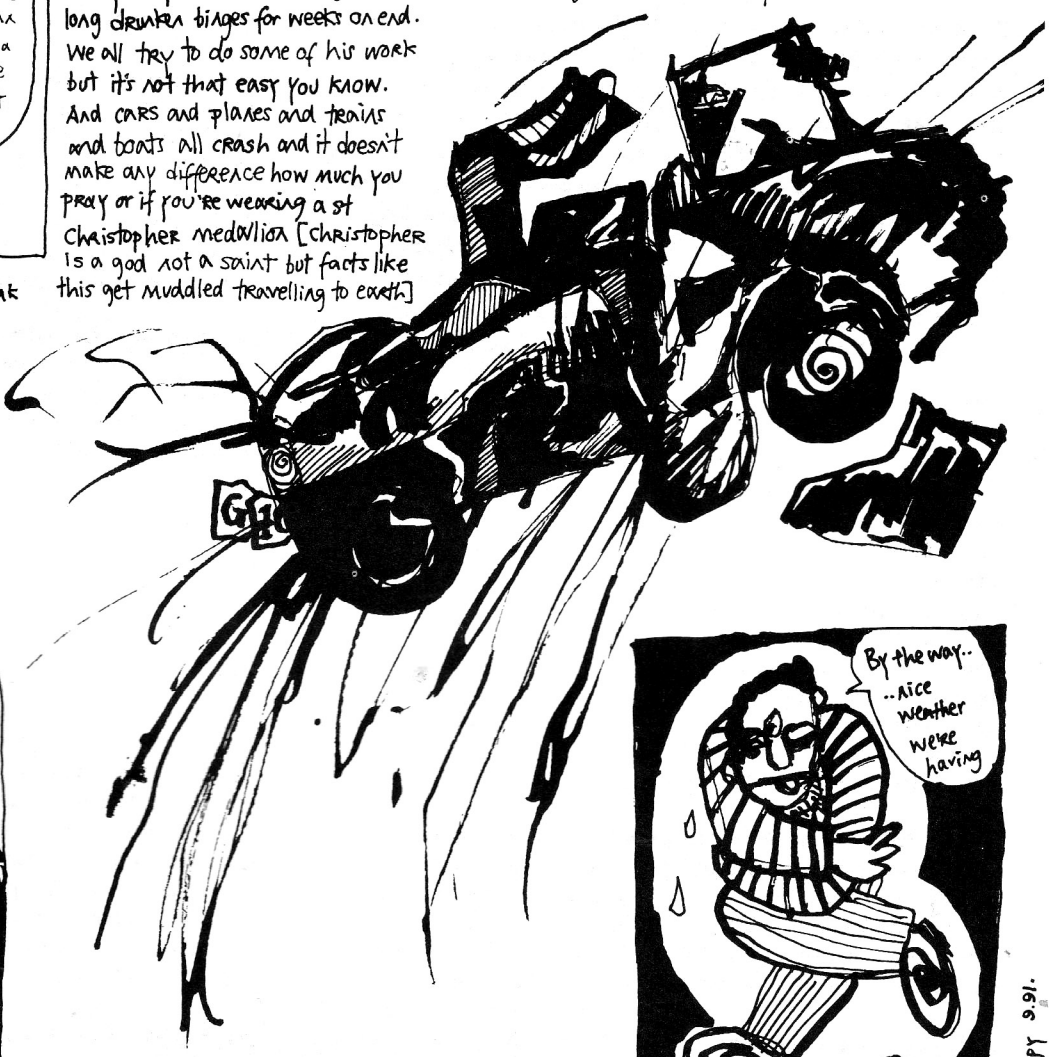
Ha. Once I went to a Primal Scream gig when I should have been working and 3 people fell off bikes and 2 off skateboards and one off a bed and one off an elephant and one off a tightrope. All in one night! Excellent gig, though!

'What about Christopher?' he said. Then he laughed for about 15 minutes. Christopher is god of not crashing. Everyone up here knows he goes on long drunken binges for weeks on end. We all try to do some of his work but it's not that easy you know. And cars and planes and trains and boats all crash and it doesn't make any difference how much you pray or if you're wearing a st Christopher medallion [Christopher is a god not a saint but facts like this get muddled travelling to earth]

Anyway chances are you'll be wearing your medallion as you're pulled dead from the wreckage because Christopher is lying crumpled in a corner of the bar and no-one here has the courage to have him replaced.

I know people have got to die. I think we all know that. But people don't have to die quite like this.

If I had my way there'd be a big shakeup up here: sackings and dismissals, a bit of new blood. But it's never going to happen while the gods care more about their wardrobe than glancing down to see what's happening on earth.



I hate it here in heaven

Tristram Puppy 9.91.

MYRA INTERROGATED

THEY TOOK MY EGG, AND NOW MY BABY'S GROWING... I DIDN'T KNOW THEY COULD DO THAT...
YOU HAD A TERMINATION?
TAO, ARE YOU OFF YOUR HEAD, OR WHAT? NOTHING YOU'RE SAYING MAKES ANY SENSE. YOU'RE PREGNANT BUT NOT PREGNANT ... HOW CAN SOMEONE HAVE TAKEN YOUR BABY IF YOU WEREN'T PREGNANT?
SOPALCO ARRANGED IT. IT WAS GOING TO BE A SURROGATE BABY. I WENT TO THE CLINIC FOR IMPLANTING — IT TAKES A FEW DAYS — BUT BEFORE THEY PUT THE EGG BACK I CHANGED MY MIND. I COULDN'T GO THROUGH WITH IT...
SO YOU CAME UP HERE ...TO HIDE?

Tao de Moto (2000 AD) Written by Myra Hancock, drawn by David Hine

I first discovered *Myra* at a car boot sale in 1986 —nºs five and six, A5 self-published comics full of wry observations on contemporary youngsters with their post-punk hair-dos and nouveau hippy attitudes. The pages were filled with stories of 'The Lads' who worked in record shops and yearned for fast cars, and got drunk and got off with the wrong girls. Then there was Tater Head and Lettuce who both had a hard time from the world 'cos of the way they looked, and the story of a run-away girl and how she coped. And there was also Miss March — the coolest, cruellest, and truest Agony Aunt who ever lived. Doling out harsh reality in clipped rhyming couplets from behind impenetrable ray-bans.

Since Myra Hancock began producing and selling *Myra* at Camden Lock in 1980, she's added other strings to her bow. She writes for 2000 AD, and has written and drawn for several independent comics.

But what drew her to such a comical life?

What comics did you read when you were a kid?
Judy, Billy Bunter in *Valiant*, *Beano*, *Dandy* and *Beezer*. I stopped reading them at thirteen, when I started reading *Jackie* (my oh my).

I started reading comics again in '81 after I began to draw my own strips — I remember creeping up to the **Fast Fiction** table and bought a copy of *Fast Friction* and some Eddie Campbell stuff. Then I crept away again.

When did you start doing your own strips, and why?
In 1980 — because I had these strips in my sketchbook just pining to get out and be read. I did the first *Myra* that November.

Will there be another *Myra*? Have you thought about a *Best of Myra*?
There's been a lo-o-o-ong gap since 8, due to 'Vindicto Strips' coming back. This is a style I've really tried to keep away from as although it can be funny I just think it's tiresome and not a subject I'd want to invest nearly £1000 in promoting (neither would I expect anyone else to invest in such a pointless subject). So, I stuck to my writing which sheered away from vindictive stuff completely and on into fiction — then science fiction, or at least future strips — I enjoyed that, and felt much much more 'job satisfaction', man!

There will, however, be a *Myra* 9 as I am finally ready to return to the small distribution format of the intimate confessions variety, which, no matter what ANYONE says are always interesting.

Besides, I've got some interesting new confessions to cough up, which, again are pining to come out. It'll be ready for the Glasgow Comic Art Convention at the end of March.

I have thought about a *Complete Myra* which would be a hoot. I badly wanted to miss out 1–3 but I think they have their novelty value. Especially nº1 which was hand-crayonned. I doled them out to pals 10 at a time with a box of crayons, weeks later I went round to pick up 1 or 2 they'd managed — and the rest — "Sorry Myra, but ..." — so Mysie sat crayonning whilst watching TV for days and days till all 100 were done.

So, it would be a *Best and Worst of Myra*.

What other comic work do you do?
I write *Tao do Moto* for 2000AD which finished its first series this September. And I'm now working on the second.

I do educational comic work with community groups, drug agencies and local authority stuff. I'm getting the artwork together to show on this subject as it is an area I'd like to expand in.

I also want to keep the fiction up because I love that.

Who are your favourite comic artists and writers?
Still David Hine and Eddie Campbell, both as artists and writers.

I don't really read 'mainstream' comics, and there's no-one whose work really bugs me.

What do you think of Viz?
I've always had a soft spot for Viz. I find the letters page a tickle. I won a Viz annual at a comic bash last year and read it cover to cover — so I think you can say I'm still a fan, even though I don't buy it anymore.

I do find offensive stuff funny but it depends entirely on the absolute confidence and intention of the teller. I know two blokes who both make sexy cracks — one I find offensive and the other ALWAYS makes me laugh. I like and trust the second bloke so its OK for him to do it and he does it well. But the first bloke I find dodgy and he borders on pornographic obsessive which is just depressing — although the first bloke could make even that funny — Know Worra Mean?

... And what do you think of FANNY?
Carol Bennett has done so much for comics in Britain, in particular setting up the Fanny Directory and the Fanny Comic for women writers and artists. She is a great mover and shaker, and her experience of 70s, 80s and now the 90s make her a real expert in all areas. I'm very pleased she put herself forward to take on this role on our behalf.

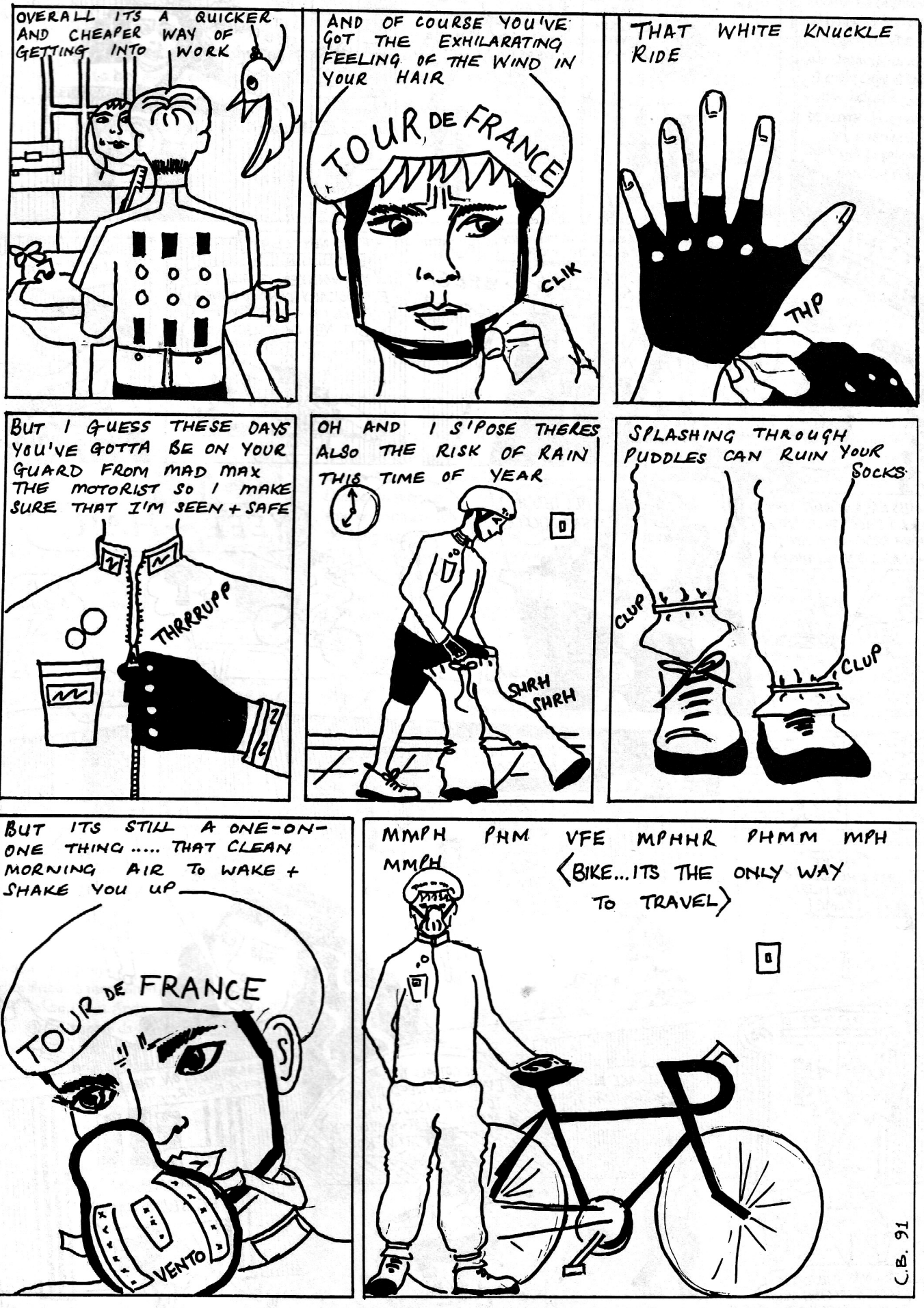
I did draw up a strip for the Fanny *Voyeuse* issue, but it was just too personal — on the one hand political bravery is easy, but other people's privacy, especially mine, is another matter, so I decided not to submit it.

Why do you think so few women are involved in the 'comics world' — both as writers/artists and consumers?
— Are there so few though? I think more and more illustrators are moving into comics. Rachel Ball and Caroline Dellaporta came from that direction and I think Carol Swain did too. There's not a vast amount of 'being published' opportunity about, is there? So few starters would feel encouraged to move into such a narrow field.

How do you find working at 2000 AD?
Great — now that I've finally learned not to go bounding into the office on press day. They give constant encouragement, good advice and friendly service — what great blokes! No one need be put off approaching them, male or female, it won't make any difference as they will be interested to see your work if you're interested enough to do it. (And that counts for a lot). I've been knocking about for 11 years now and I still have to originate my direction and not be led by other people's ideas.

What's your biggest professional mistake?
I once stepped over the invisible common decency line and gave an artist a photo of an ex-boyfriend to base a character on. I had him say and do things that were not autobiographical, and whilst not malicious, I realised later that it was an abuse of his privacy. I do not believe in 'Vindicto-Stripping': using strips to get at or get back at anyone is in very poor taste. I pulled the strip back even though the artwork was great and would have sold — I learned a valuable lesson though.

Bike Girl in... TOP GEAR


OVERALL ITS A QUICKER AND CHEAPER WAY OF GETTING INTO WORK
AND OF COURSE YOU'VE GOT THE EXHILARATING FEELING OF THE WIND IN YOUR HAIR
TOUR DE FRANCE
CLIK
THAT WHITE KNUCKLE RIDE
THP
BUT I GUESS THESE DAYS YOU'VE GOTTA BE ON YOUR GUARD FROM MAD MAX THE MOTORIST SO I MAKE SURE THAT I'M SEEN + SAFE
THRRUPP
OH AND I S'POSE THERES ALSO THE RISK OF RAIN THIS TIME OF YEAR
SHRH SHRH
SPLASHING THROUGH PUDDLES CAN RUIN YOUR SOCKS
CLUP
CLUP
BUT ITS STILL A ONE-ON-ONE THING..... THAT CLEAN MORNING AIR TO WAKE + SHAKE YOU UP
TOUR DE FRANCE
VENTO
MMPH PHM VFE MPHHR PHMM MPH MMPH
<BIKE...ITS THE ONLY WAY TO TRAVEL>
C.B. 91

Bike Girl in ... POP Assassin!

BIKE GIRL has taken a job as an Undercover Agent. Disguised as She-Nah Easton she is working as an admin. assistant for a Dockland Property Developer.

Her assignment – to bring to light plans to replace Plaistow with a government-sponsored condominium for unemployed merchant bankers... now read on!

CAN'T GET USED TO THIS CURLY WIG...

LOST ME CRASH HELMET- BETTER WEAR THIS INSTEAD

321

IT'S NOT SAFETY WEAR BUT...

STUPID HAT!!!

... AT LEAST PEOPLE WILL NOTICE IT...

STUPID HAT

YEUCH~ GRIT IN ME EYES & FLIES IN ME LIPPIE! THE JOYS OF CYCLING!

BIKE GIRL IS NOT THE ONLY ONE RACING TO WORK...

AAAH!

BEEEP

AT THE NEXT LIGHTS

YOU WANKER! IT MIGHT BE ECOLOGICALLY SOUND TO DRIVE AT 55 M.P.H. ON A MOTORWAY— BUT NOT OVER SCHOOL KIDS!

TAKE THAT!!!

SMASH

MISS EASTON! WHEN I GET TO WORK I EXPECT TO SEE YOU AT YOUR DESK WITH AN EXPLANATION FOR THIS!

ULP!

STUPID HAT

I'LL TEACH THAT FUCKER!

YEEE ~ HAH!

IT IS A BIRD!

POST-MODERN & SHITE

THERE HE GOES AND HERE I COME!

DON'T GO IN THE LIFT – THE DOORS DON'T...

I CAN COPE DEIRDRE

QUICK - I NEED MY PACKED LUNCH

SHED THAT WEIGHT BABY!

O-O-O-F-F!!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOUR BRIEFCASE

I'VE GOT ALL THE EVIDENCE I NEED THANKS TO THAT DISGUSTING NUTRA-SWEET FLAVOURED GUT-ROT!

EVIDENCE

MEANWHILE... ON THE FIFTH FLOOR...

WHO IS THAT WOMAN IN THE STUPID HAT?

POP

AS I WAS SAYING - THE DOORS DON'T OPEN AGAIN WHEN THEY HIT AN OBSTACLE - YOU SHOULD HAVE LISTENED YOU ARROGANT MAN!

EJS '91

SCUM Spin-offs: *The legend of Valerie lives on*

The article in GirlFrenzy 1 that caused most feedback was the piece on Valerie Solanas. Beer Pig 3 wrote condemning the article for putting Val on a pedestal "I haven't got time for people who decide that everybody else is exactly how they imagine them to be. And I certainly don't have time for these arseholes who decide that everybody they don't like has to die, which her manifesto fits with – y'know, Adolf Hitler, Charles Manson etc."

And on the other hand, the reviewer in *Shocking Pink* got upset that I'd condemned Val as a mad extremist ... "What the fuck is wrong with wanting to rush out and destroy the entire male sex?" Nothing – but going out and *doing it* is on a par with Marc Lepine who gunned down 14 female engineering students in 1989 crying "You're all feminists! I hate feminists!". – I don't eat animals and I don't kill people.

Trina Robbins mentioned that the day Solanas shot Andy Warhol was the same day that Bobby Kennedy was assassinated. Claudia wrote to say that Valerie Solanas is believed to be dead, and that in Canada the manifesto is banned because it promotes violence.

A surprising number of men wrote asking for the manifesto or expressing their opinions about it – generally along the lines of 'interesting but I don't like the separatist perspective/men can't be blamed for *everything*'. Peter Rigg wrote: "I came across this in the '70s and hated it. This excerpt had me thinking ... I might see Crumb [Robert Crumb, who writes and draws sexually explicit comics] and Solanas as having a similar attitude, or striking a similar chord, one in men and one in women." They certainly both provoke knee-jerk reactions!

Andy Warhol

The Shot that Shattered The Velvet Underground

by Howard Smith

It was an ordinary afternoon at The Factory, the huge, new loft on the north side of Union Square which is the center of the Warhol scene. Sun came in the windows and gleamed off the mirror-topped desks. Paul Morrissey, Warhol's executive producer, and Fred Hughes, an assistant, sat around talking with Mario Amaya, a visiting art magazine editor from London.

Suddenly the elevator doors opened and Andy Warhol walked into the loft with Valerie Solanis, a sometime writer and superwoman-power advocate who had appeared in his film, "I, a Man." She had come by The Factory earlier in the afternoon looking for Warhol, and had waited for him outside in front of the building for three hours. They walked over to talk with Morrissey, Hughes, and Amaya. It was typical Factory small talk, Hughes recalled. "You still writing dirty books, Valerie?" he asked.

Hughes wandered off, and Morrissey took off to the bathroom. Then the telephone rang, and

Voice: Fred W. McDarrah

VALERIE SOLANIS

Warhol went to answer it. While he spoke with Viva, the reigning superstar, Valerie Solanis pulled a .32 automatic out of the pocket of her trench coat. Warhol turned and saw the gun. "Valerie," he yelled. "Don't do it! No! No!" She fired three shots, and Warhol fell to the floor.

Then she turned on Amaya,

Continued on page 54

However, SCUM is not without its spin-offs. If you scour charity shops for long enough, you may unearth a couple of 1971 paperbacks that have a taste of Solanas.

WITCH (by Jane Harman, New English Library) stands for *We Intend To Create Havoc*. The blurb is exciting; "Hordes of bare-breasted, shaven-headed girls on motorcycles roar into Southend ... Cities everywhere are saturated with stripclubs for girls where titillating males peel off their drag."

The story isn't so good – seen through the eyes of Gerald Jakar – a 30 year old unemployed PR man whose fiancée is secretary to Ophelia Stanway, a beautiful lesbian film director. Ophelia gets backing from a millionairess to launch WITCH and raise the consciousness of British womankind. Gerald wheedles his way in to the all woman set up intending to get rich through the biggest PR hype of the century.

His fiancée gets peeved about his mother/son relationship with the benefactress, and whilst WITCH soars in popularity, she sneaks off to consolidate opposition from W.I.s and parish women's groups. The finale is the most bizarre riot scene Trafalgar Square is ever likely to witness, and everyone gets married except Ophelia who goes to prison.

WHAM (Mike Stout, Sphere) stands for *We Hate All Males* and chronicles "The rise and fall of Lydia Lovemore, Queen of WHAM, the movement dedicated to the extermination of the male species". The author claims to have made a study of Women's Lib, but basically he paraphrases the SCUM Manifesto, losing most of its energy in the process.

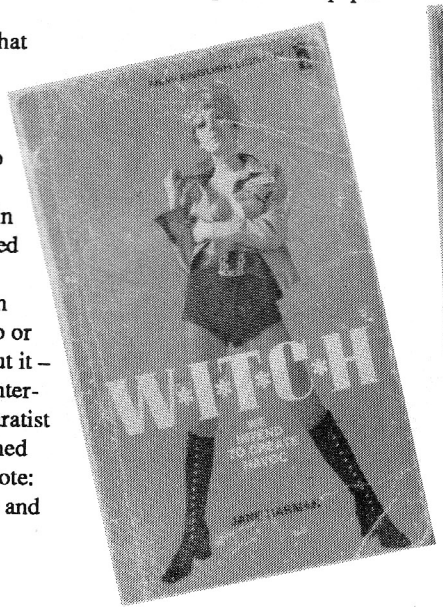
Like Ophelia, Lydia is a rich, beautiful lesbian with a lust for power, but she actually achieves dictatorship of an all female UK – by the foulest means possible.

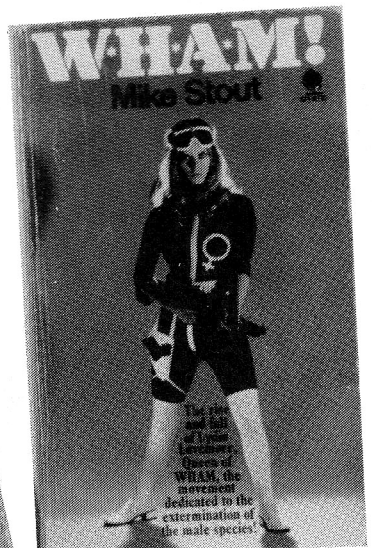
Step one is to plant a gorgeous WHAM member in the Miss World contest – she wins, and turns the tables – making the lecherous old judges strip on prime time TV! And a National Bitch Day is declared, where women harass men shouting *WHAM, WHAM, get a man!*

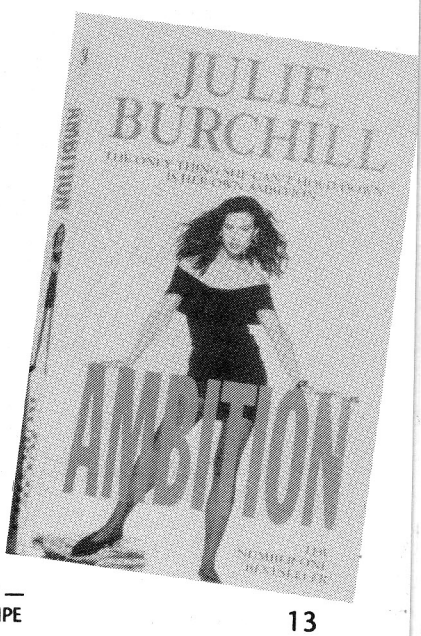
It's a fairly sparky plot with some interesting observations – critical of Lydia's tyranny, and adoption of male attitudes.

After rigging a general election, Lydia is unanimously voted Prime Minister and begins to rid the country of men. I found the detailed description of changing a system from patriarchy to matriarchy by means of propaganda the most interesting and entertaining aspect of the book – males begin to lose their self-confidence as they become indoctrinated – "They became shifty and they could not look a woman in the eye. They were self-conscious about their hairiness. Some of them even went as far as to shave off all their body hair in a vain attempt to hide their maleness."

One last tribute to Solanas to come my way is a video called *Scumbusters* – a low-budget (very) soft-porn number – more like a home-movie John Waters film. The plot involves four ex-high school girls who've had a bad time at the hands of men getting some guns and getting their own back. All the women in the town join in and monopolise the bars whilst the men are so scared they stay at home *and do the washing-up!* – Look out for it on market stalls and in crumby video stores.







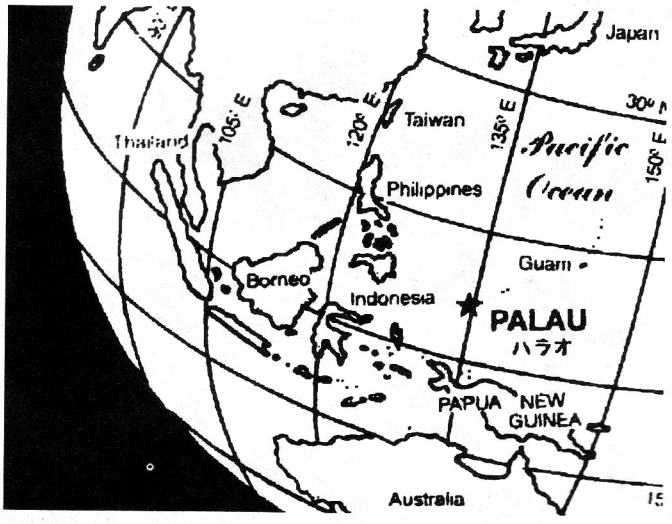
THE RISE AND FALL OF SEXPLOITATION — FROM RAD FEM HYPE TO POST-FEM TRIPE

MOM GETS SICK!
YOU THINK YOU HAVE PROBLEMS...
THIS IS STATION KLIN, YOUR ALL-PATSY CLINE STATION...
THE ODYSEY
©Trina Robbins '91
LOOK! A BIG HOLE RIGHT IN MY OZONE LAYER!
TSK
ALL MY OCEANS — POLLUTED!

MY BEAUTIFUL RAIN-FORESTS COMING OUT IN CLUMPS...
I'M SICK I TELL YOU!
AND MY WEATHER—DY! YOYOING BETWEEN GREENHOUSE SUMMER AND NUCLEAR WINTER!
YORE CHEATIN' HEART...
... NOT TO MENTION THE ACID RAIN!
MA ROSE OF SAN ANTONE...
OOH, ICK, YUCK!
GET THEM OFF ME!
WHAT WAS THAT?
:SIGH: THAT'S MY PROBLEM...
PARASITES.

HI!
-THIS IS BEA PREPARED, SPEAKING TO ALL YOU INDEPENDENT 1980'S WOMEN OUT THERE-
DID YOU KNOW ??
MORE WOMEN THAN MEN INSIST ON USING CONDOMS
YES- WE'RE JUST BRILLIANT AT BUYING THESE CONDOMS !!
AFTER YEARS LEARNING HOW TO PURCHASE TAMPONS WITHOUT BLUSHING, PICKING UP THE DUREX IS A DODDLE---
TOILETRIES
SOMETIMES IT'S HARD TO BE A WOMAN...
IN THE SUPERMARKET
...AND WE LEAVE THE GUYS STANDING WHEN THE PRESSURE'S ON---
CAN I HELP YOU?
DUREX
YES- A PACKET OF CONDOMS PLEASE.
WOW
I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO DO THAT !!
IN THE CHEMISTS
---YES GIRLS- GETTING YOUR DATE TO WEAR A CONDOM IS NO PROBLEM NOW WE'RE SEXUALLY EMANCIPATED-
IS IT???
HERE'S A LITTLE SOMETHING FOR YOU
DARLING! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE !!...
©CDP
IN THE RESTAURANT
NOW WE CAN ALL DEFEND OURSELVES WHEN IT'S DARK AND QUIET- SAVE THE RUSTLE OF THE DUVET AND THE LOW MOAN FROM THE SHADOWS...
DON'T MOVE!! I'VE GOT YOU COVERED !!!
IN THE BEDROOM

ONE TINY ISLAND VERSUS THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA



Isabella Sumang is from Palau, a tiny island state in the western Pacific, with a population of 15,000. Colonised by the Spanish, Germans and Japanese, Palau has been administered by the United States since World War 2 under a UN trusteeship. Now the UN has dissolved its trusteeship in favour of a new political arrangement between the US and Palau which has yet to win approval from the Palauans. In November 1990, Isabella toured Britain as the guest of Women for a Nuclear-Free and Independent Pacific.

This is an extract from a video interview carried out for WNFIP by ***Josephine Bedingfield****, edited by* ***Corinne Pearlman****.*

JB *Your country is called Palau and also Belau, so which is correct?*
IS –They're both correct. But between the Belauans we say Belau. The official name in the constitution is the Republic of Palau.

JB *Just explain a bit about the campaign you've been involved in, because British people don't know about Belau.*
IS –The US wants to terminate the trusteeship between Belau and the US, moving into a Compact of Free Association, which is a military agreement to allow the US to take Palau land to use for defense and allow nuclear weapons to come in. This is in conflict with our constitution which is nuclear-free.

JB *And that was introduced in 1979, wasn't it?*
IS – It was adopted in 1981 with 92% of the people voting for it.

JB *And the United States tried to overturn the constitution. How many times have they done that so far?*
IS – Since 1979 we've voted on this issue eleven times.

JB *Why does the United States want so much control over Palau?*
IS – Why does the United States want so much control anywhere? They claim that it's a very strategic area and in case the Philippines would not want the (US) bases there, there would be a fallback to spread out military installations between the islands of the Marshalls, Guam, Commonwealth of Northern Marianas and Palau.

JB *And how successful have the United States been in trying to persuade the Palauans to overturn the constitution?*
IS –They have come very close. The entry of nuclear into Palau depends on a majority of 75%. After economical coercion and threats of violence this reached 73.4%. In the election of 1987, the government laid off people from work and closed up everything and said "if you don't vote for the Compact then the situation will be like this: people won't have any jobs because there's no money to support the government ...". And so when they were laid off, the government employees turned to the people that were fighting against the Compact and became very violent, and that's why the majority went up to 73.4%, but it's not 75%. So, successful? — Legally, no, and morally, no.

JB *–There's a British connection with all this, because British banks have financed a power plant in Palau ...*
IS –The British government sold it for $32 million, which has not been paid and Palau owes that and more with interest. They (IPSECO,the British company who built the power plant) were bribing government officials including our president and speaker of the house and other key people in Palau politics, so they could get Palau into all that. In the last referendum, they said that if the US can arrange with the bank to pay off that loan, then we would pay them in return (with the Compact).

JB *When did you get involved in the campaign?*
IS – In 1981, when I translated part of the Compact.

JB *What were your own personal reasons for getting involved?*
IS – Personal feelings, like the US is pretty fucked-up, has a fucked-up position – manipulating, imposing themselves on our weaker government and our smaller population. That's the reason why I'm involved.

JB *Mainly women have been involved. (In 1988 women elders won a court case contesting the legality of voting to remove the constitution's nuclear ban).*
IS –There *has* been support from the men. The richer people in Palau were very against it. They financed our activities for quite some time, until it got to be very long, for so long, so many years, so long that people just simply got tired of or very indifferent to it, and we sort of kept going, because nobody else would do it, so the women just sort of hung there and saw it through.

JB *So how do you argue against US propaganda? What do you do to inform people about the real situation?*
IS –We translate the materials, information, we hold public hearings with community groups. It's too expensive for us to go on TV, so we go on radio and we speak against it.

JB *Do you find a lot of support from young people?*
IS –We just take it for granted that the young people around us, our children, will vote for us, which is usually the situation. Actually there is not very much participation by the young people, which I think we need to encourage.

JB *How did the United States government try to change the constitution? There's been a lot of intimidation. — two presidents have already been murdered by the CIA ...*
IS –Actually there's no documents that would support what you're saying. The first President, Haruo Remeliik, was assassinated. We usually know when someone's killed ... the person would be found, the killer would be exposed, but with this assassination, up to this day, since Remeliik was shot, nobody knows who killed him. And Salii (the second president) ... because of his corruption (he accepted a bribe from the British firm) and the force he put on the people to vote for this ... I think the pressure he put on himself by assisting the US officials has him to suicide.

JB *Have you personally been intimidated ... ?*
IS –They were shooting my sister's house; they threw a bomb at Gabriela's house, who is my aunt. Nobody has tried doing anything physically to me.

JB *But you have worked as a schoolteacher and can't get a job now...*
IS – I was actually a school teacher for a long time and then became a director of the senior citizens' programme for the government for the last four or five years, and then I resigned to run for congress. I was asked to be principal of a school and was asked to teach in another government school, but I filled in all the forms and have not been employed. So I have a feeling that it's my anti-government position.

JB *What can people in Britain do about the situation?*
IS – Do not become an ally to a country which is exploiting practically the whole world. The more power you give it, the more exploitative the US would be ... so if more people work against this type of thing, particularly in Britain which is a strong US ally, then it can make a difference.

Further Information

The Pacific Paradise Nuclear Nightmare and *Pacific Women Speak* —WNFIP, 1987

The Day of Two Suns — Jane Dibblin, 1988

The Pacific Nuclear Testing and Minorities — MRG report, 1991

For more details, you can write to Corinne, c/o *GirlFrenzy*

SO...

what's your impression of women in mainstream comics? Fawning blonde bimbos waiting to be rescued by square-jawed hunks in spandex costumes? Or brainless 'gurlies' who can't recognise the hero once he puts his glasses back on? Well, up until a few years ago you'd have been right, but things are getting better ...

MAGGIE, COULD I ASK YOU A QUESTION, BUT PROMISE YOU WON'T GET MAD?
GO'HEAD THEN, FRED.
I DON'T MEAN THIS BAD, BUT... ARE YOU A FAG?
HEE HEE HEE YA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!
AW, YOU AIN'T? I JUS' THOUGHT...
OH, YEAH? YOU KNOW WHAT I DID A COUPLA WEEKS AGO, AND LIKED?
I MADE LOVE TO MY BEST FRIEND HOPEY, AND IT WASN'T THE FIRST TIME NEITHER...
HEY, I DIDN'T MEAN NOTHIN'. I JUS' ASKED...
BUT, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. I DON'T THINK I COULD DO IT WIT JUST ANY GIRL OTHER THAN HOPE WELL, I NEVER REALLY TRIED, BUT... I DUNNO, I CAN'T EXPLAIN IT...

CRUISING THE MAINSTREAM

Male writers such as Alan Moore, Jamie Hewlett and the Hernandez Brothers produce strips that regularly feature strong, independent women.

Hewlett is the writer behind the anarchic **Tank Girl** (featured in the somewhat waning *Deadline*). Despite recent controversy surrounding the sexism in Tank Girl (and the rather dodgy involvement with a jeans commercial) she's definitely not your usual sweet, submissive heroine. She has her own power, and is responsible for her own actions.

Moore's works include *Watchmen, V for Vendetta* and the very wonderful *Halo Jones*, all of which feature lesbians in their story-lines to varying degrees. *V* has a harrowing account of a lesbian's imprisonment and humiliation by the Government (in the story England has become a fascist state and 'subversives' are rounded up and exterminated). It's a scary but well handled scenario, showing the woman's fear but also her courage and strength. She knows she will be killed because of her sexuality, but will never surrender, "I shall die here. Every inch of me shall perish ... except one ... it's small and it's fragile and it's the only thing in the world that's worth having. We must never lose it, or sell it, or give it away. We must never let them take it from us."

Compared to this, Halo Jones is pretty lightweight, but it's still a good story about an independent woman (and if Toy isn't trying to tell Halo that she's in love with her in Book 3 then I'll eat my Utility Belt!). Halo leaves her boring no-hope life on 'The Hoop' and travels the galaxy on a cruise ship, then falls on hard times and enlists into the Army, but finally she realises the mistakes she made and rectifies them in a most dramatic way.

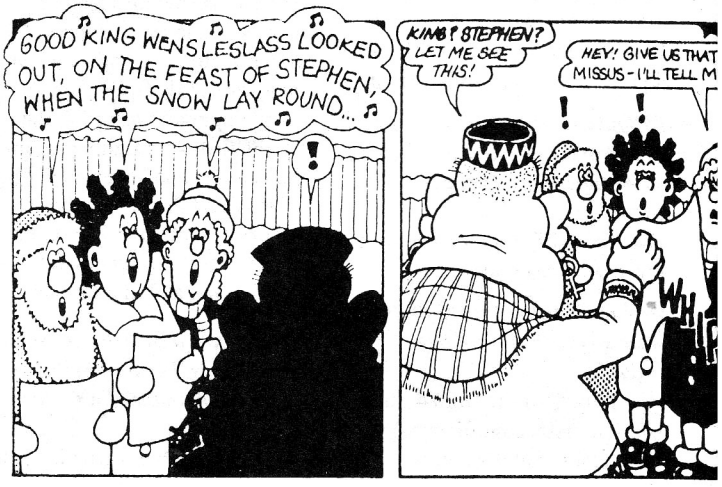
The Hernandez Brothers' excellent *Love and Rockets* has got to be one of the best comic strips around. Jamie Hernandez writes about life in a small Californian town near the Mexican border. One of the main story-lines concerns Hopey (swoon!) and Maggie, and their on-again-off-again romance. Maggie has lots of crushes on various men, but always goes back to Hopey in the end (sensible woman!) whilst Hopey plays bass in a punk band whose singer Theresa is in love with her ... it's intriguing, complex, funny and brilliant. There's a positive feel to the gay relationships but Hernandez also deals with homophobia, racism and bigotry of all types.

Gilbert Hernandez sets his stories mainly in the fictional town of Palomar ('Where men are men and women need a sense of humour'). His characters include the fiery Luba, with her large brood of children, a woman who has suffered most of her life but still gives as good as she gets. Her daughter Maricela has recently run away to the States with her girlfriend Riri and into a whole new story ...

All the above have been around for quite a while and should still be fairly easy to get hold of. The early issues of Love and Rockets are currently being reprinted.

There are also quite a few good 'compilation' comics out, many of them featuring strips by women writers.

Tits and Clits comics occasionally have some good contributors, among them the brilliant Mary Fleener, who's also responsible for *Slutburger Stories*. The titles of both these comics may be off-putting, but if you can overlook


GOOD KING WENSLESLASS LOOKED OUT, ON THE FEAST OF STEPHEN, WHEN THE SNOW LAY ROUND...
KING? STEPHEN? LET ME SEE THIS!
HEY! GIVE US THAT MISSUS - I'LL TELL M

Trouble-makers are conservative. They don't like screwballs...
Cock-A-Doodle-Doo!
!?
Donna, yer gonna get us killed!
She's a psycho - let's split!

that they're definitely worth reading.

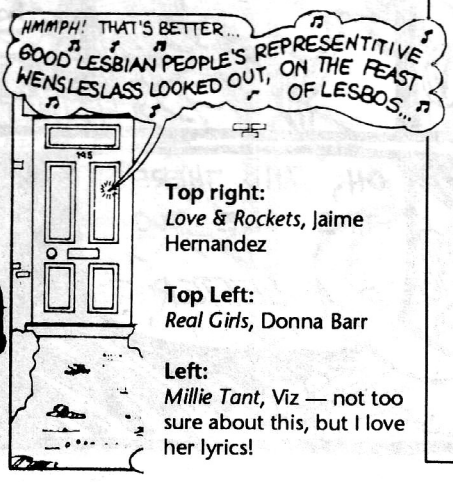
• • • *Real Girls* issue one came out about a year ago, and it's worth looking out for, especially for 'Opportunities' by Donna Barr, which tells you how to avoid unwanted male attention. Other stories featured are 'Lesbo-A-Go-Go' by Diane Noomin, which is well weird, and the equally strange 'Nowhere Chick Goes Vegas' (dedicated to Edith Massey of 'Pink Flamingos' fame) Issue two is yet to appear.

One absolute must (although you've all probably got them) are the *Dykes to Watch Out For* books by Alison Bechdel, which feature the soap opera style lives of Mo and her friends. If you haven't got them go out and buy them NOW!

Lesbians seem to crop up in the most unusual comics. *Misspent Youths*, an independent comic by David Lee Ingersoll has a rather butch night-club bouncer called Ms Veracruz who ends up blowing an entire police squads brains out. If Ingersoll is trying to make a point I'm still wondering what it is, but the rest of the comic is okay. Even *Viz* has taken time to give us a lesbian character in the inimitable shape of Millie Tant. Although she's a caricature in the grossest possible way I can see bits of every campaign meeting I've ever been to reflected in her.

So, there's a few tips for you, perhaps not to everyone's taste, but I'm sure you won't be disappointed once you've read them.

Smo



Top right:
Love & Rockets, Jaime Hernandez

Top Left:
Real Girls, Donna Barr

Left:
Millie Tant, Viz — not too sure about this, but I love her lyrics!

Not Guilty!

WHEN I WAS 21, I WAS RAPED. When I was 28 I remembered it. Now I am 31, I am writing about it. The main reason why I am able to, and want to, write about it now, is that I no longer feel that I am guilty. It may be that somewhere out there, there are women feeling as bad as I felt and maybe this might help them not to feel guilty too.

Like so many victims of rape and other forms of sexual and emotional abuse, I was convinced, not only in the immediate aftermath of the event, but years later, that it was my fault. That somehow or other I had "asked for it", and that any pain and trauma that I suffered were justified because I had been a bad and wicked woman. It was mostly for this reason, compounded by the fact that I was living alone in a foreign country, that I did nothing about reporting the man and then locked it all away in a dark room at the back of my mind where it stayed for the next seven years.

The bare bones of my experience are that I was raped by a man that I knew and trusted. I was not in a sexual relationship with him, but he had become a friend and I felt safe with him. On the night he raped me, we had spent several hours talking about the problems I was having getting it together with another man, and I truly believed I was talking to a caring and concerned friend. I didn't see that he thought all my problems could be solved by a good screw — whether I wanted it or not. Before I really knew what was happening, I was physically in no position to refuse him access to my body, and I was terrified that if I tried to resist, he would kill me.

Afterwards, my biggest fear was that someone would find out what had happened — a reaction provoked by my feeling of culpability. I was convinced that I *must* have been to blame. That normal, nice girls did not get raped, so because I had been, it meant that I was not normal and not nice.

Sadly, I did not even attempt to deal with the emotional damage that had been done to me. Seven years later (when talking to another woman about my sex life) I suddenly had a blindingly clear flashback to the moment of my rape. At that point I began to deal with it, and gradually came to realise that I was not guilty. Just because I have a cunt is no reason for any man to feel he has the right to fuck me. That realisation has changed my life as profoundly as the rape itself changed it.

Now, ten years on, I am by no means cured. I am still desperately unsure of myself in sexual relationships; terrified to tell a sexual partner what happened to me in case I am rejected as soiled goods; hideously over-sensitive to sexist comments and jokes, but I am back out there fighting. My life *has* gone on and I am well on the way to winning. What I would say to anyone else who has been through rape, is "Don't be afraid. You're not a leper" and I have really begun to believe that if other people can't deal with your experience — it is their fault not yours. Talk about it. You'll be surprised how many other women share your pain.

Clare Davies

If any other woman has suffered similar experiences and doesn't have anyone else to talk to, feel free to write to me c/o of GirlFrenzy — all letters answered.

Rape Crisis Lines: Brighton (0273) 203773
London 071-837 1600
Edinburgh 031-556 9437

MAIL ART MORNING
CHRISTINA LAMB 91
ABBRR
BRRRR
IT'S NEARLY TIME
ERR
JUST IMAGINE WHAT MIGHT ARRIVE TODAY
WHAT IF THE POST DOESN'T COME?
WHAT IF NOTHING COMES... EVER AGAIN
NO!
POST!
THINK THERE'S EVEN SOMETHING HERE FOR YOU
DRUCILLA
IF I'M NOT GONE SOON I'LL GET STUCK NEXT TO THE CREEP WITH WANDERING HANDS ON THE 9.15 ...
LOOKS LIKE BILLS THOUGH HEH HEH
OH, AND THERE'S THIS ONE TOO
A LETTER

PUT IT BEHIND THE RADIO, I'LL READ IT TONIGHT
BUT, DON'T YOU WANT TO TAKE IT WITH YOU??
NAH, IT WILL KEEP. BYE
TEA
LATER
IT'S GREAT BEING A MAIL ARTIST...
MY POST LOOKS SO COOL ... I GET THINGS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD!
OH GOD! I GET SENT SUCH JUNK. I'D DO ANYTHING FOR JUST ONE NORMAL LETTER!
ENVY
ENVY
??
SHEEET! I CAN'T EVEN READ THIS, IT'S WRITTEN IN A DIFFERENT LANGUAGE!
ONLY ONE THING FOR IT...
END

BUNKUM

BY CAROLYN RIDSDALE

Bit early for you isn't it?
You're looking at a working actor, my good man...
Indeed? And in what are you starring?
A Party Political Broadcast..
I scored one of those man-in-the-street, vox-pops..
I represent the disaffected youth.
Don't forget your base-ball cap...
SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!
Good morning.. I'm Edward Jamieson
Yo, bro!.. I'm Julie.. ..Production Co-Assistant.. Come and meet the Director..
Actually Julie, my little sister wants to get into the industry and I was wondering how you manage to...
Hard work, Teddy...
..lots of hard work, perserverance initiative and above all the maintenance of a positive attitude
Oh, there he is..
Daddy, this is Edward Jamieson
Be with you in a minute.
CAPE
so..where are the bimbos?
..bimbos?
flick! flick!
the ones that prance around in white panties as we take the slow zoom into the product shot..
Oh no, no, no. That's next week.
C'mon...get it together, Clay this is the Party Political Broadcast!
.. we're buying votes, not selling tampons
Ah..so, no bimbos?
All I want is hope for the future, like.. and I know which Party can guarantee that...
HOT
Cut! O.K. Teddy.
Tense up a little will ya? You're a member of the general public who's just been stopped in the street...
stumble over the words a little..
HOT
Julie! Cut a few rips in his track-pants!
Clarissa! Take some of his make-up off darling.. Let's have him RAW!
Come on! Let's have a bit of authenticity 'round here...
HOT
CLAP! CLAP!
CAPE
Oooh! Look, Pippa! Must be one of those documentaries on street kids...
Oooh, yes!
HOT
Rhonda from my agency did one of those last week.
had to lie in a doorway for HALF an HOUR!!
..but she got two hundred quid and the catering was fabulous!
Look, why don't we go over and give them our photos and C.V's!
CAPE
Can't hurt
..well, it shows initiative..
..and throw a good word in for me while you're there...
HUNGRY AND BROKE

Sexist Shit of the Month

MAGAZINES FOR PLASTIC MEN

Every once in a while, I used to read *Arena* (a 'life style magazine for men'). The articles were generally more interesting, longer and better written than those in similar 'women's glossies'. And the ads and fashion features full of moody young men selling expensive clothes and images of male beauty made an ironic change — at least women weren't the only victims of 1980s consumption.

But over the years, the content changed, and I wasn't the only one to notice — *The Pink Paper* also bemoaned the sad decline of Arena — until it created *Boyz* to fill the gap in the market.

Basically, advertisers felt Arena projected an effeminate image of man. They feared their high-earning, hetero-male market would be alienated if they advertised in 'a magazine for poofters'.

So Arena had to straighten up. Paul Rambali began to re-write the same article each month. It referred to women as 'victims' or 'prey' and had titles like 'Why are englishmen out to lunge, not seduce? or 'How to Seduce a Woman'.

Articles by women on subjects such as 'giving head' were commissioned, and, in the last copy I read, there was an unnecessarily long and extremely offensive piece in praise of 'ethnic beauties'. (At media dinner parties there is a multi-cultural mix provided by cool white men dangling Asian or Oriental girlfriends on their arms like the latest fashion accessory.)

Esquire and *GQ* are the advertisers' alternatives. GQ (Gentleman's Quarterly) particularly seems to appeal to a rich but totally naive yuppie market with constant instructional articles on the "How to talk to Gurlz" theme — **Do** send her flowers and take her to expensive restaurants, "**Do** *appear* to be interested in what she says" (my italics), "**Don't** expect cunnilingus to work wonders" (— in other words, don't bother trying?), "**Do** wake her to make love in the middle of the night" (What!!!).

Each month there is a three page illustrated article about 'breasts' or 'lingerie' or 'stockings' or 'make-up'. This is a thinly disguised excuse to print arty porn shots and includes constant reference to the Hite Report for facts. The article on breasts wails on about how sad it is that most women are unhappy with their breasts, yet runs a large picture of three topless women whose breasts all adhere to the 'small but round' contemporary ideal. Not a mention is made of inverted nipples or lop-sided tits, or mastectomy, or the fact that most fashion models are so thin they have barely a breast to speak of. The author is literally devastated when some women told him their breasts were no more erogenous that their earlobes or backs of their necks. He prefers to see breasts as something to "pamper, weigh, bounce, pull, nibble, lick and bite. In fact no other sex organ (apart from our own, that is), is quite so much fun." (Since the GQ editorial policy on cunnilingus has already been laid down and the only other sex organs are internal, tits *have* to come second, anyway).

The article about stockings similarly runs along accepted sexual beliefs — "For a woman, wearing stockings is a more pointed statement than simply having bare legs ... No longer could she feign lack of interest in my advances. Now we were both speaking the same language." — has this man never heard of THRUSH?

Even in an article about men masturbating, ridiculous falsisms about women are dropped in — "It is a well known fact that they [women] do it when alone in their cars even on the shortest journeys." Well, of course – that's why women are such bad drivers!

The saddest article I came across was in the GQ Business Issue (with the inevitable picture of Richard Branson on the cover). Do they run an article about high-achieving Business Women, or "Can You Cope with a Woman Boss?"? — No.

Instead, a double spread about 'New Age Business' entitled "Girl Friday of the Future" provides a perfect example of The Beauty Myth as expounded by Naomi Wolf. A large photograph of an attractive woman sitting on a desk in a tiny white lycra dress is surrounded by items that no secretary should be without. These include objects which are rarely seen outside executive circles such as a top-range portable computer, a special knee-stool, an electronic diary and an ioniser. The remainder includes a book about Wittgenstein and a pile of eco-conscious products: Body Shop Make-up, Healthy Salad and of course, Ecover Washing-up Liquid to keep her busy in the kitchen.

The legend runs (and keeps on running) "*...the perfect New Age secretary has a keen mind, a sense of responsibility and love of fun. She is up-to-date in all her appointments, keeps the air clean around her work station and occasional tensions well in hand; sometimes, in fact, you'd swear she draws on an inner power. She is an upright member of the team as well as a pleasant presence in the office. The latest technology is her tool. She is moderate in her diet and attentive of her health. Personal appearance is important to her, for she understands that she is your representative to the world at large. Finally, at home, and in all other aspects of her life, she adheres to the same principles of selfless service to the community which makes her such a splendid helpmate. Soon we'll all have one!*" [— and how much will you *pay* her?]

So much for the New Age and the New Man — it stinks of too much glossy packaging to dress up the same old sexist rubbish. Here's to Cosmo Woman and GQ Man — may they live short and die long in Receding Adland Gloom!

TRU-LUV STORIES Nº1 Got myself a walking talking living pastry
FROM FIRST SIGHT IN THE BAKER'S WINDOW I WAS SMITTEN!
BAKER
GOSH!
WE SPENT TWO PRECIOUS DAYS TOGETHER
MMM!
GLOOP!
UNTIL MY KID BRUV RUINED IT ALL...
I WAS HEARTBROKEN BUT THEN I MET SPOTTY NORBERT

Review

I, CLAUDIA — feminism unveiled

By Claudia, **£1.20**

The title of this pamphlet refers to Claudia's rejection of the 'feminist sisterhood' and records twelve years' experience of feminists with damning condemnation. She objects to the assumptions that as an independent and unconventional woman, she must be a feminist.

This is a very individual critique of feminism, neatly sectioned and well supported with referenced quotes and examples. In Claudia's eyes, feminism is a middle-class movement which provides 'jobs for the Girls' at the expense of working class women left at home child-minding on exploitative wages.

However, Claudia's definition of 'feminist' seems somewhat narrow — her venom is directed mainly towards monogamous heterosexual women and 'political' dykes as opposed to genuine lesbians. (Political dykes all secretly have boyfriends.)

Feminism is seen as an extension of respectable women's movements such as Temperance and Moral Reform Leagues. Energy is wasted condemning the sex industry rather than proceeding in a truly revolutionary direction and attacking the class structure — which would effectively be attacking the feminist's own underlying values.

I found the most interesting sections dealt with violence against women and pornography, which both raised issues usually ignored in traditional feminist debate:

"The main objective in bringing up a person as a 'woman' is to convince her that she cannot survive without male protection. The brutalities committed against so many women by so many men who allegedly 'love' them are testament to the success of this indoctrination. Millions of women stay with their male 'protectors' who terrorise them because they have been so thoroughly persuaded that the outside world holds even greater horrors for them."

Personally I find one of the most offensive questions is "Are you sure you'll be alright walking home on your own?" — *I* am a lot safer walking home on my own than, for example, any 16–25 year old man. Violence in the home, including rape is much more of a threat to women than violence in the street.

Andrea Dworkin may say 'every woman walking alone is a target' but that's one of the most oppressive statements anyone can make. 5% of black men in the USA die of gun shot wounds, but does that mean all male blacks should be kept off the streets?

Similarly, as Claudia points out, the feminist belief: "Porn is the theory, Rape the practice" is simply an escape loop for rapists to get away with lighter sentences. Watching a film or reading a book is no justification for jumping out of the window like the Bionic Man or sexually assaulting anyone.

Feminists' judgement of other women's sexual behaviour is also criticised. The old virgin/whore syndrome is adapted to 'sister'/'male-identified' — "Women who work in any area of the sex industry are either scorned or patronised as 'victims'; likewise women who are suspected of heterosexual promiscuity, or of engaging in sexual practices that feminists find disgusting, particularly sado-masochism."

The feminist view of sado-masochism (in the context of lesbian relationships) is seen as replicating patriarchal relations and therefore humiliating to women. Claudia sees this as totally fraudulent — how can anything that you consent to be humiliating? — and is it any more humiliating than waitressing or cleaning toilets?

There is also a strong attack on men who are violent towards women and yet claim to be anti-sexist and anti-porn. She refers to *Class Whore* — a magazine which exposed this hypocrisy by publishing the names of 'anti-sexist' men who beat up their girlfriends [something which *even* happens in *Brighton's Labour Party*]. There is also a neat little chapter dissecting New Men with quotes from *Achilles Heel* and *Men's Anti-Sexist Newsletter*, which exposes their homophobia, self-obsession and slight regard for women.

Feminism as a career is discussed in terms of feminists pursuing traditional educational awards — they will study degrees in order to get well-paid jobs and as an opportunity to find a similarly high-earning partner. They will join inner-city housing co-ops and support the eviction of native squatters in order to secure low-cost housing for themselves until they can afford a mortgage.

At lower levels of management they can control a female workforce by blaming their repression on man's control over women rather than Management over the Workforce. They can develop their manipulative powers by Assertiveness Training courses which are prohibitively expensive for charwomen and bus-conductresses.

The final section, on motherhood ("... the most sentimental role in our society because in practice it is one of the most socially despised and devalued functions") ends with a forecast from a market research report predicting that by the year 2000, women will become divided between high-flyers and those as disadvantaged as ever, who will effectively be providing their counter-parts with the life-support role which not so long ago was the lot of all women. As Claudia points out, "these better off women have become so, not at the expense of the men of their class, but of other women."

BY ERICA WRIGHT

LOVE LIES BLEEDING

Also by Claudia, **£1.80**

This is a more detailed discussion about violent relationships: the traditional practice of teaming up with a violent man for 'protection'; the myth of 'getting married and living happily ever after'; and why not to have children.

Again, she is scathing of the scare-mongering tactics of feminists: "Weapons have helped me gain confidence in my ability to take care of myself ... I prefer to avoid violence, but refuse to be intimidated by the threat of it. Self-confidence can be fragile; I do not intend to let mine be eroded by those who see women as eternal victims."

Feminists such as Dworkin and Mackinnon who view women as essentially vulnerable insist upon looking to the State for protection. Claudia points out the irony of this, since the State is largely run by men who ill-treat women. This is no better than hiding behind a violent husband — "Protection is merely a euphemism for control".

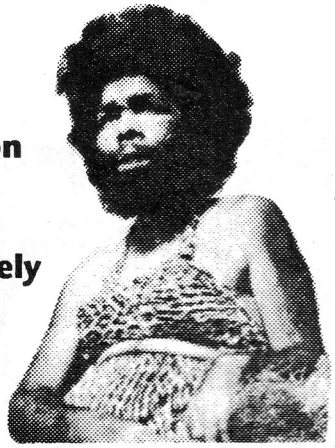
Dependence upon therapy and refuges for battered wives are simply a government sponsored means to preserve family live — "A woman who has gone to a shelter would derive most benefit from permanent housing and a reasonable income; the last thing she needs is to be leeched off by some member of the 'caring' professions ... The sinister side to these comedians is that they try to extend false hope to women that they might be able to prolong their relationships with their batterers."

I found the arguments within both these leaflets interesting, although some times I was left wanting to know more — Claudia categorises all men who have ever hit a woman as incorrigible sinners, yet barely discusses violence between men. Similarly, I wondered whether she would condemn a woman in Sarah Thornton's situation who not only stayed with a violent man, but murdered him 'as an act of self defence'. Perhaps we should expect another pamphlet out soon...

Both these pamphlets are available from: **BM Claudia, London WC1N 3XX.** Cheques made to CLAUDIA *plus* A5 SAE: 18p stamp for one or 34p stamp for both.

ONE COLD WET SUNDAY
Huh Huh Huh Huh!
MAUREEN WOKE FROM A DREAM OF "THE EXORCIST" INSANELY RANDY AND TOSSED OFF. AGAIN AND AGAIN...
ALL DAY LONG...
GRUNT
GRUNT
ON THE TOILET...
GRUNT
Oooyah...
WITH A VIBRATOR...
Uhh. Uhh, Uhh... Wanna Cum...
"RRRR"
WATCHING THE "CLOTHES SHOW"...
Ai Ai Aiii...
..IN THE OLD EASY CHAIR...
Uh, Uh... Ayah!
Yeeha
WITH A BAR OF SOAP...
SHE SLEPT LIKE A TOP THAT NIGHT.
© L.KENNEDY 4-91

20 years ago, body hair was an issue on every women's group agenda. If, when and where to shave was fiercely debated, and usually left women with one of two general opinions.

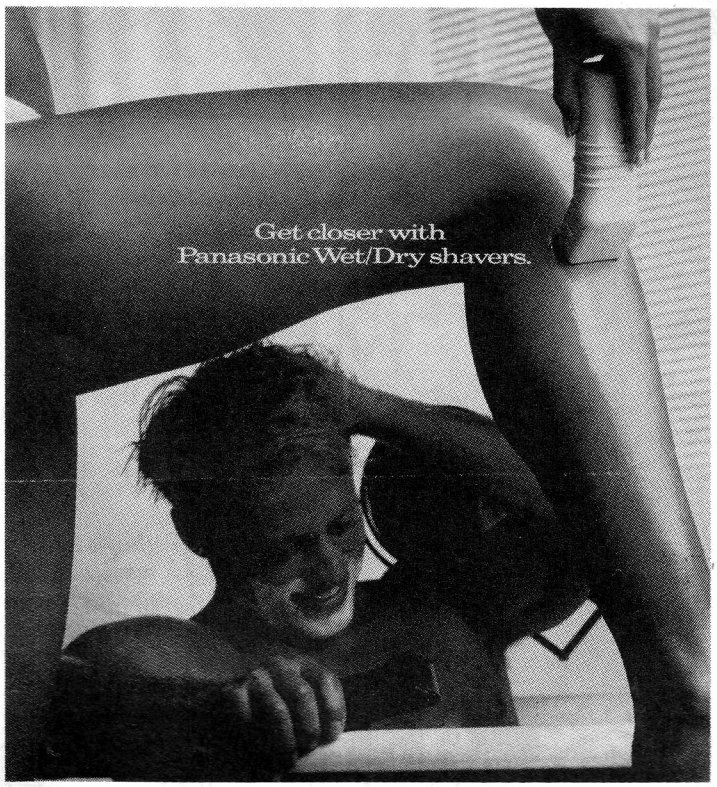


UNSHAVEN RAVINGS

On one hand was the argument that it simply wasn't *feminist* to remove any body hair, however visible it was. Beauty conventions were encouraged by men because they rendered women powerless over their bodies and lives.

Feminists with opposing views were equally convinced that by using means to become more conventionally attractive, women could feel more powerful and achieve success in careers which had only just become open to them. Neglecting the way they looked, they said, could work against them and anyway, they just didn't like that hair so why should they pretend they wanted to keep it?

Two decades later and we're still undecided about what to do with our body hair. The magazines seem to have dropped the dis-cussion altogether and, being dependent on their advertisers, now only concentrate on ways to get rid of 'unwanted' hair.



Hairy Herstory

There aren't many readily available statistics about hair removal. The lack of common historical knowledge about our bodies leaves us more susceptible to current beauty conventions. I can only *imagine* what Victorian women did with their hairy legs. I could make assumptions about the low hems eliminating such problems but I'd really like to *know* what they thought across the class system. And what about those wartime women – drawing eye pencil lines up their hairy calves? I don't think so. In actual fact, depilatory cream was developed in 1921 and marketed in the US in 1936. It didn't reach Britain until 1957 by which time razors were probably established in the majority of women's beautification rituals.

Growing-up Hairy

My initiation into this regrettable shaving habit came after much teasings at school. It's not the teasing that I remember so much as my mother's advice on how to stand up to it. When I complained to her that my hairy legs had been spotted and chosen for this week's object of ridicule, my mother said, "Tell them they're only jealous"... I guess that what she meant was keep your sense of humour and don't let them intimidate you, but at the time I wasn't impressed. I imagined the laughter if I'd followed her advice, and went straight for my father's razor. When your initial thoughts about part of your body involve feeling shame, you want to deal with the problem instantly, totally and in *private*.

Relatively unhairy women may grow up proud to parade the light fluff on their legs, but for women whose body hair is thick and noticeable, the shame can linger long after adolescence. They endure insults merely for showing their faces in public and feel that they must deal with their 'problem' alone. I have the greatest respect for women who defiantly reject acceptability in this way. Dealing with scumbags who feel justified in evaluating women in the street, often saying only one totalising word – "arse!", "sex!", "moustache!", can be exhausting and demoralising. In response to inarticulate abuse we can feel obliged to develop the sharpest wit, and spend hours fantasising revenge. What a waste of time.

A couple of years ago I began suffering an illness which required treatment with steroid drugs. Rather than developing muscles that I never knew existed, the side effects included growing coarse body hair and becoming fat. I felt *monstrous*. I was almost grateful that I *was* ill – so that I wouldn't have to venture outdoor looking so terrible. My fear was that *people might see me* – as if it could cause actual bodily harm!

Body Cultures

Body hair seems to become a 'problem' for a lot of people only when it is visible. Depil-atory products are sold seasonally – during winter, opaque tights hide all manner of hairy secrets. If we only find it necessary to shave when everyone can see our legs and armpits, or in time for sexual encounters, then the problem is patently nothing to do with how *we feel* about our own bodies, but how others may judge us.

People go to extremes in the name of beauty; body building, cosmetic surgery, stretched necks deforming corsets, lily feet ... each culture thinks its own conception of beauty is right and that only other cultures' ideals are bizarre. Images are chosen to indicate allegiance to social groups. But step outside of a feminist ghetto with 'feminine' hair and you are totally exposed, feeling guilty for wanting to fit in as well as suffering personal insults.

Hairy means Dirty

It is unfortunate that hair is commonly thought of as dirty. This isn't simply because its appearance interrupts the smoothness of skin, hair is associated with dirt and germs. An advert I saw recently, for shampoo: "Was your hair every day, you wash your face that often and your hair's been to the same places". So we're not being hygienic enough with our hair, huh?

A nurse once told me that a particular surgeon she worked with insisted she shave off *nearly all* body hair from patients before surgery. This was not popular with the patients, who didn't like being shaved hurriedly by a stranger, and the nurses, who believed they were trading dubiously 'unclean' hair for a more increased risk of infection in the area being operated on.

This neurosis may have something to do with the association o body hair with 'animalism'. Making distinctions between human and animal is an importan concern of most cultures. Apart from removing body hair, tattooing, filing teeth and body adornment are all used by various cult-

Get to the root of your hair Growth problem!
Femme
HAIR REMOVER
The PERMANENT solution to hair removal
Removes all unsightly, embarrassing facial and body hair in one painless 5 minute treatment – STOPS regrowth for up to 3 months!
ONE JAR £14.95 – + £2 p&p & post
One jar treats ALL body hair for 12 months
Buy 2 JARS SAVE £8 only £25.90 incl. p&p.
Gives more than 2 years of freedom from ALL ugly body hair.
Guaranteed to work – or your money refunded – instantly.
What's so different about FEMME?
FEMME actually slows down hair growth
FEMME TREATS
UPPER LIP
CHIN
UNDER ARMS
FULL ARMS
SIDE OF FACE
BIKINI LINE
CREDIT CARD HOLDERS TELEPHONE (24 HOURS)
0482 822158
HEALTH & BEAUTY DIRECT

John Ruskin the nineteenth century art critic thought women were like Ancient Greek marble statues. On his wedding night he was horrified by the discovery that his wife had pubic hair. The marriage was never consummated.

"The pictures of the male in the WHAM newspaper were always of an enormous brute and particularly emphasised his hairiness and animalism. He was constantly portrayed as belonging to the animal kingdom rather than the human race"

ures for this purpose. In the West, it is the ability to control hygiene along with 'moral' behaviour which is esteemed as 'civilised'.

Selective Dismissal

Women's bodies read like maps when it comes to body hair – each region has a different set of rules. Just as conventional ideas about beauty lead us to scrutinise *individual* body parts for signs of fat or ageing, body hair is considered in *areas* rather than part of an all over deal that comes with having skin. It amazes me that so many women feel duty bound to keep the lower half of their legs free of hair while recognising no such obligation towards that on their thighs. Hair under the arms often gets the chop because it feels cleaner that way. However, there is tolerance of hairy armpits, on account perhaps of association with being 'continental' and even erotic. Hair on the arms, unless extremely thick, is generally ignored, even adverts for hair removal products rarely mention it. Hair on the face (excluding eyebrows) is TABOO and exists as a guilty secret for many women, who dissolve, bleach or pluck the hell out of it at every opportunity.

And then there's the mysterious 'bikini-line' – it took me a while to realise that some women trim their pubes. Also, shaving them off completely seemed, to me, a slightly dubious practice – attempting to take on the appearance of sexual innocence. I imagined it to *feel* erotic though.

It is common for swimmers to shave off all their body hair, including pubes and it's de rigeur for male cyclists to shave the whole of their legs. One reason given is to reduce water/air resistance, although this must be negligible. A more credible explanation is that removing the hair makes you *feel* more streamlined, which is important for performance. (Or it's a good excuse for men to break a taboo and shave their legs.)

Falsisms

Their are some common inaccuracies about hair removal such as "Pluck out a thick hair and several will grow in its place", or "Shaving makes your hairs grow back thicker". Each hair follicle can only produce one hair at a time and its hairs will be of similar coarseness. Hairs usually taper out at the ends and shaving cuts them bluntly at skin level, it is only the tips that become thicker.

The only way to stop hairs growing is to destroy the follicles. Electrolysis can do this, but it may take several sessions to cauterise them properly. Also, hairs which are under the skin and not visible during electrolysis will be missed. These hairs will continue growing and may give the impression that the treatment hasn't worked. I once accompanied a friend to a salon to have some whiskers removed. I wasn't sure what to expect ... nasty buzzing electrical jolts? the smell of burning flesh? In fact it was a simple professional treatment which, according to my friend, involved very little pain.

The 'aesthetician' added her voice to the unanimous scorn loaded against 'home electrolysis kits'. Even trained people can't perform electrolysis on themselves because you can't find the correct angle to insert the needle whilst looking in a mirror. Needles used by salons are barely larger than hairs themselves, whereas some of the kits use needles of sewing size!

Getting Rid of It

Having decided to de-fuzz, a woman must size up the methods in terms of cost, pain and time. In my opinion, money and time are too precious to waste on body hair, so it really comes down to bearing some pain. Waxing products can be messy and expensive, a much cheaper (and effective) alternative is to make your own. Boil equal amounts of lemon juice and sugar with a little water, cool and then knead it thoroughly. Spread this on the offending hairs and rip it off fast. Electrical depilator gadgets are okay but take longer to use as it's tricky to catch all the hairs between the little wheels which yank them out. When they came on the market, I was amazed to hear it said that women were unlikely to see the appliances as masochistic torture instruments because, (referring to eyebrow plucking) *we're already used to enduring pain*! Oh, that's alright then!

"The target Immac consumer is a woman between the ages of 20 and 44, the social class B, C1, C2. To her Immac is the familiar and trusted brand which sets the standards, it is a caring and familiar friend. She feels that all the products are formulated by experts."

When I tried depilatory creams I found them to be ineffective and a waste of money. However, creams make up over half of the depilatory products market, which is worth £18m in the UK, so somebody must use them.

Hair removal advertisements aimed at women show the smooth results, never the 'before' appearance. But no razor advert, for men, would be complete without the dissatisfied-rubbing-of-the-chin shot or the all-lathered up shot. Hair on men's faces is an issue of personal choice, they can be as creative with it as they want. However, facial hair for women is seen as nothing but a stigma. Adverts often refer to it as 'feminine hair', when in fact they mean the opposite — *masculine* hair, to be got rid of.

Hairless and Guiltless?

It gives me a kick every time I see a woman who keeps her hairs and leaves them visible. Feminism has given women a good background against which to be positive about our bodies. If we don't have that then we *have* been compromised. If removing hair is your choice, then do it and feel good about it, not secretive and guilty. A lot of women do find hairs 'repulsive', but others find the alternative 'slug-like' or like 'plucked chickens'.

For the time being at least, my decision is to leave my hairs in tact. When I hear women say that time-consuming and expensive beauty treatments are 'all worth it', I just have to disagree.

Christina Lamb

LIFE'S A BITCH

PIX BY NES
WORDS BY ES

I WAS IN AN EDINBURGH WINE BAR WHEN I HEARD HIM TALKING
Never mind old chap you know what they say...
Life's a Bitch and then you marry one and then you die!
HAW HAW HAW
HE HAD THE VOICE OF A PUBLIC SCHOOLBOY, THE CHIN OF AN INBRED ARISTOCRAT AND HE SIMPLY BREATHED MONEY. I HAD TO GET HIM
AMERICAN EXPRESS MAN
I DECIDED TO PLAY THE OLD "VIRGIN/WHORE" CARD...
Excuse me Sir— I think you dropped this
IT APPEALED TO HIS RETENTIVE UPBRINGING
SELF-FULFILLING PROFFETT
SHE ALWAYS SAYS NO
I say - your Boots look awfully uncomfortable — howabout resting them on my shoulders whilst I drive you home in my BMW?
HE WAS HOOKED...
Oh I Love you Please please don't let me go!
But Darling, Nice Girls don't do it until they're wed!
£10000
ON OUR HONEYMOON HE INTRODUCED ME TO FINE WINES AND FOREIGN PLACES
I INTRODUCED HIM TO CRACK...
... AND HANG-GLIDING
Get Higher Baby! Don't EVER Come Down!!!
NIAGARA FALLS
POOR GERALD - HE'LL NEVER UTTER ANOTHER CHEAP SLANDER AGAIN. AS FOR ME...
I always liked expensive little black numbers!
SCOTTISH WIDOWS

FORGET DAVID LYNCH
GIVE ME LUNCH!

LYDIA LUNCH is itching to make her first major feature film about a subject which affects half the population. And Hollywood better sit up and pay attention...

OVER THE LAST fifteen years Lydia Lunch has documented abuse in its varying forms: sexual, physical, emotional and more recently, the abuse of power, utilising a diversity of media — prose, poetry, the spoken word and film, together with a succession of musical collaborations (Teenage Jesus, Beirut Slump, Harry Cruise and Clint 'Foetus' Thirwell). Currently she's working with Roland S Howard, which has spawned the *Shotgun Wedding* album.

"I like provoking such a strong reaction, it's the rare thing that does that."

At present Lydia is engaged in the difficult task of financing her next film — *Psychomenstrum*, which explores the ill-defined area of Premenstrual Syndrome. A biology student who suffers from PMS attempts to find a cure. Having injected herself with Progesterone and Oestrogen, she enters an hallucinatory state and begins to act like a man — fucking and killing.

"I haven't started production on it yet, no-one is willing to give up five million dollars which is the budget I think its going to take. I don't want this to be another small underground film. It's got to be a major length high-technology hallucinatory pop film. It's an important subject and I don't think it can be done on a low budget."

By working with a decent budget, Lunch will make her work accessible to a much wider audience. Casting Debbie Harry in the role of her shrink will undoubtedly provide the film with a higher profile — "She's fantastic – she can play a Hitchcockian psychiatrist, she has that demeanour. This is a subject I think has to be pushed onto the general population, unlike a lot of the other things I've dealt with which I felt didn't need a large audience. This affects half the population."

Lydia's other film work includes *Kiss Napoleon Goodbye*, a film for dutch television with Henry Rollins and Don Bajema. Lydia plays a pregnant wife who miscarries and abandons husband and home. She has also made several films with the New York super-8 film maker Richard Kern. Titles such as *Fingered*, and *Submit to Me* suggest their confrontational nature. Although sometimes very humorous, the extremes of sex and violence explored often provoke a puritanical reaction. At the Berlin film festival, a group of feminists attempted to stop *Fingered* being screened.

"I like provoking such a strong reaction, it's the rare thing that does that. Unfortunately the people who went in to destroy the film hadn't even seen it — they'd just heard about it. That just proves that the idiots don't really know what they're talking about, if they were more educated in the things they were trying to eliminate they might have a better understanding."

So should women become the producers and manipulators of pornography instead of just its visual fodder? "Well, that's a start. But pornography — and this is where I always argue with feminists — they insult pornography by saying its the exploitation of women. To me, first and foremost, its the exploitation of men — it makes them look foolish. Women never look foolish in pornography, they look beautiful, they get paid more than the average day job, and they're doing what they intrinsically like to do which is fuck. Period."

However, most pornography is made by middle-aged, fat, balding white men, not women making it for themselves, which is where the issue of equality arises — but it's just one symptom of a big problem.

Now she feels she is over the abuse that she was subjected to by her stepfather, which she's documented in her autobiography, *My Father's Daughter* (to be published this year). Her antagonism to the patriarchy of middle-aged, white men is deep rooted, and she is unrelenting in her attack on all ills which she sees as male-propagated — witness her opposition to David Dukes' state senate campaign.

"I would like to take everything he says against welfare recipients, and women and blacks and turn it against the white middle-aged male. He is a particularly interesting example because he has committed all these social crimes, like heading the Ku Klux Klan, having a book published on nazi material, and writing both a fake sex guide for women, and a guide for black men under pseudonyms. He is an education in charisma and how it works — he's like an evangelist in that sense, just as dangerous and just as full of shit.

"Prejudice and inequality is the bane of my existence especially prejudice against women, but also minorities like blacks and other ethnic groups. I mean that's a world wide phenomenon which is completely male-propagated. Women are far more understanding of other peoples and races and I don't think women are so territorial — [with patriarchy], we're back in the cave.

"And that's why I think it's time for women to really take responsibility — try to get into some format to help desimulate the fucking power structure from the white middle-aged male ... do whatever you can ... just protest!"

TIME OF THE MONTH
by Dr. Snopes
MEN, DO YOU ONCE A MONTH BECOME IRRITATING?
HELLO
HI
WATCHA DOIN'?
WORKIN'
nudge
NO, I MEAN WATCHA DOIN'?
I SAID I'M WORKIN'....
IT'S A SECRET, EH?
NO. IT'S NOT A SECRET. IT'S WORK!
WELL TELL US THEN
LOOK, IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS!
OH DEAR, I SEE IT'S YOUR TIME OF THE MONTH.
WOMEN, DO YOU ONCE A MONTH SEE THINGS AS THEY REALLY ARE?...
BUSY?
YEAH I'VE GOT TONS OF WORK
IRRITATING...
CAN I HELP?
NO. I'M FINE
ANNOYING....
YOU SURE? I DON'T MIND
NO. I'M ALRIGHT
INSENSITIVE AND STUPID...
GO ON! I MIGHT AS WELL
NO!
TWO PAIRS OF HANDS ARE...
READ MY LIPS
FUCK OFF!
I THOUGHT SO. IT'S YOUR TIME OF THE MONTH. YOU ALWAYS GET RATTY THEN
Deathray
WOMEN, DO YOU ONCE A MONTH BECOME SANE AND SENSIBLE?
YO BABY! WHAT'S UP?
NOTHIN' I JUST FEEL I WANT TO KILL YOU THAT'S ALL
ISN'T IT YOUR TIME OF THE MONTH?
WELL SINCE YOU MENTION IT, I....
WANNA TALK ABOUT IT?
I...
I'M A GOOD LISTENER..
I...
GO ON, I'M ALL EARS...
NO YOU'RE NOT! YOU'RE ALL MOUTH AND IT'S NOT P.M.T IT'S S.F.W.
YOU STUPID FUCKWIT!
SO YOU SEE IT'S NOT A TEMPORARY IMBALANCE OF YOUR HORMONES THAT CAUSES IT. THEY'RE REALLY THIS STUPID ALL THE TIME ONLY WE'RE JUST TOO NICE AND KIND TO TELL THEM SO, THAT'S WHAT.

sindy Stories
why build house for seventy years of your life here?
1
2
LESS EMOTIONAL FRICTION: DENSE POPULATION CANNOT AFFORD REACTION
3
BUS STOP Feeling: whos coming next?
Passing thought: Is inner and outer vision distinct?
4
PEOPLE ONLY EXISTING IN PASSING
5
BOAT-LOAD OF MAD MEN
6
no mans land: all avenues are full of roadblocks, detours + warnings
8
fragments of events encountered in everyday life
7

VIRGIN IN SPACE DRAMA!

ONE DAY IN SPACE...
OH LOOK! PLANET EARTH
EARTHLINGS ARE STUPID LETS ENSLAVE THEM..!
THIS MUST BE EARTHS LEADER-HER IMAGE IS EVERY-WHERE - LETS KIDNAP HER...
IVE GOT THIS VERY STRANGE FEELING THAT IM BEING FOLLOWED...
OH GOD IM GETTING AS BAD AS MICHEAL JACKSON
HOW SILLY!
WE'VE GOT HER CORNERED... PREPARE TO BEAM HER ON BOARD!
EXPRESS YOURSELF
WHAT ARE THOSE DAM TECHNICIANS UP TO NOW?
OOH! WHAT A FANCY LIGHT SHOW
QUICK! TIE HER DOWN
WHAT THE FUCKS GOING ON
COO!
ORDER YOUR PEOPLE TO OBEY US OR WE'LL BLAST EARTH TO BITS
FUCK YOU ASSHOLE
YOU'LL STAY IN THERE TILL YOU DECIDE TO COOPERATE
HUMPH! WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT... LUCKILY I HAVE A RADIO TRANSMITTER IN MY CRUSIFIX
MEANWHILE
RESCUE ME
AAGGGH! WHATS THAT AWFUL NOISE?
APPARANTLY MADONNA HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED BY ALIENS (HEH HEH)
NEWS
OH GOD! WE MUST SAVE HER BUT HOW?
RING
RING
HELLO? ITS MADONNA. LISTEN, I NEED YOUR HELP. SOME ASS HOLE ALIENS HAVE KIDNAPPED ME BUT IVE FIGURED OUT A WAY TO MAKE THEM LET ME GO AND SAVE THE WORLD

WHO WAS THAT ?
WOW
MADONNA! GRAB YOUR IMMACU--LATE COLLECTION AND FOLLOW ME...
UNFORTUNATLY WE HAVE SOME BAD NEWS.... THE EARTH WILL BE DESTROYED IN TWO HOURS BY THE ALIENS WHO KIDNAPPED MADONNA...
AND NOW THE WEATHER
WE CAN SAVE OUR PLANET IF EVERYONE IN THE WORLD PLAYS THIS RECORD AS LOUD AS POSSIBLE
♫GET INTO THE GROOVE♫
OH GOD! MAYBE THIS WASNT SUCH A GOOD IDEA
WE'RE TURNING INTO JELLY !! MAKE IT STOP ! HELP ! HELP !
♫ VOGUE ♫
JUSTIFY MY LOVE ♫
CLICK!
COME ALONG SWEETIE, SHOWTIME IS OVER, TIME TO PUT ME BACK ON EARTH
BUT...
PHEW ! THAT WAS A LUCKY ESCAPE ! LETS GET TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GALAXY AS FAST AS POSSIBLE
BUT I LOVED HER
THE WORLD IS SAVED ! MADONNA HAS BEEN RETURNED ! AND NOW HERE IS THE WEATHER...
♫DING DONG♫
Yo ! BABES THANKS FOR SAVING MY LIFE HERE'S A SMALL GIFT...
WOW !

©Meesh Mash 1992

In need of

Correction

"You don't have to be black to know racism is poisonous!

"You don't have to smoke cannabis to know the law's an ass!

You don't have to be gay to know homophobia stinks!

You don't need four legs to know vivisection is disgusting!"

For further information write to: ***The Corrective Party***
58 Eardley Crescent
London
SW5 9JZ

Telephone:
071-259 2434

Fax:
071-373 2362

Lindi St Clair: *A Boadicea for the Modern World*

So what do you know about the Corrective Party? – one of those lunatic fringe societies that like to waste money at election time? – something to do with a woman in tarty garb who gets her picture in local newspapers when an MP kicks the bucket? – an organisation that should be taken as seriously as The Monster Raving Loony Party or the "Independent Conservative"?

THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT until I chanced across some of their campaign leaflets. The majority of policies stated in their manifesto present radical but rational arguments in areas of social justice, civil liberties, environment, animal rights and sexual freedom.

Lindi 'Whiplash' St Clair, a long-time worker in the sex industry, is the name most often associated with the Corrective Party. Having directly experienced the hypocrisies and injustices of the Law, she is a hardened campaigner for prostitutes' rights and against the victorian taboos which surround sexuality. She argues that if brothels were legally recognised, sexual services could be provided safely – both in terms of physical protection for prostitutes (and punters), and medically, by stopping the spread of sexually transmitted diseases. Shy, ugly or lonely people have as much right to sexual relief as anyone else, and depression and rape could both be diminished by legalising sexual services.

The Corrective Party also denounces homophobia in all its forms and is strongly opposed to State interference 'in the bedroom' – an all-round age of consent of 16 is demanded, with sexually explicit material depicting consenting adults on sale to anyone over 18. Pre-puberty sex education is supported, along with ombudspersons to protect children from sexual abuse.

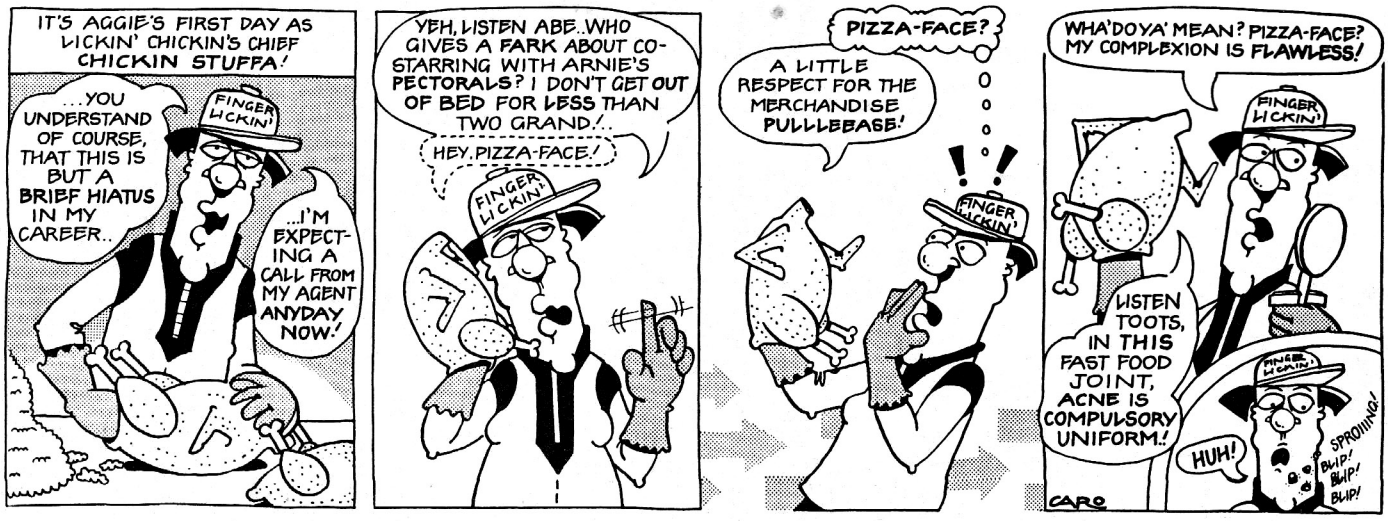
However, their manifesto goes beyond the sexual arena to expose festering sores in the political structure. By demanding taxation based on the ability to pay (including taxing the Queen) and cutting military expenditure, the Corrective Party support increased funding for the NHS, housing and transport, cancelling the Third World debt, research into solar, water and wind energy and an equal European wage and pension. Legalising cannabis, brothels and surrogate motherhood would also increase taxable revenue, whilst reducing the non-violent prison population would allow for better care for the mentally ill. Chemical castration would be implemented for persistent rapists and child abusers.

Other aims in the statement of policies include bans on unnecessary packaging, vivisection, and blood sports; improved pollution control; phasing out battery farming and dependency on animal products; freedom of information and public and political accountability of politicians and police.

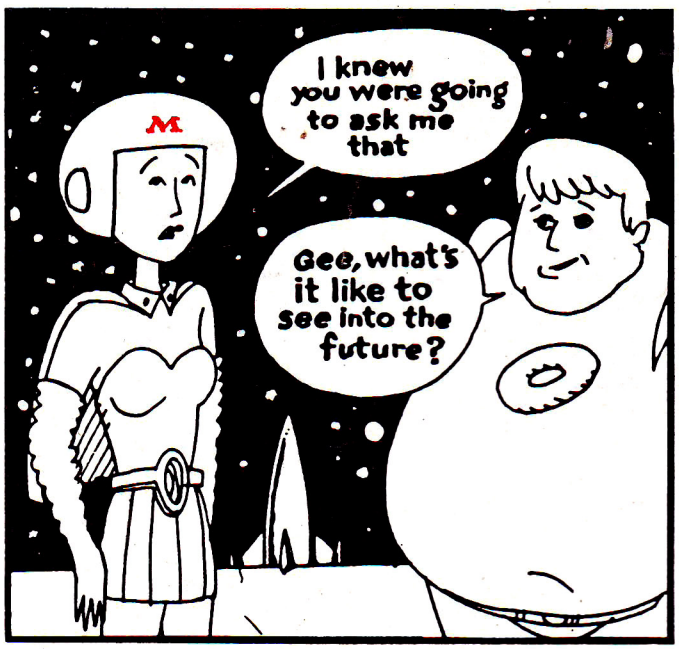
One area of the manifesto which puzzled me was the insistence on research into obesity (yet no mention of smoking or alcoholism) – "*50% of the population is overweight and need Government funded diet and fitness facilities. We say outlaw 'Fatist' discrimination presently on a par with racism and other hatreds.*" – What is wrong with being overweight? 'Skinnyism' (not 'Fatism') is certainly prevalent in the West, but is that going to be prevented by encouraging fat people to diet? It doesn't seem the ideal way to enlighten people's prejudice about culturally imposed stereotypes – about as useful as Michael Jackson turning white.

That quibble aside, the Corrective Party is possibly the only reason to remain on the electoral register. If you really want to vote, you may as well help smash the three grey party dictatorship and "***Be effective, vote Corrective***"!
■

FISHBONES


IT'S AGGIE'S FIRST DAY AS LICKIN' CHICKIN'S CHIEF CHICKIN STUFFA!
...YOU UNDERSTAND OF COURSE, THAT THIS IS BUT A BRIEF HIATUS IN MY CAREER..
FINGER LICKIN'
...I'M EXPECTING A CALL FROM MY AGENT ANYDAY NOW!
YEH, LISTEN ABE..WHO GIVES A FARK ABOUT CO-STARRING WITH ARNIE'S PECTORALS? I DON'T GET OUT OF BED FOR LESS THAN TWO GRAND!..
HEY, PIZZA-FACE!
FINGER LICKIN'
PIZZA-FACE?
A LITTLE RESPECT FOR THE MERCHANDISE PULLLEEASE!
FINGER LICKIN'
WHA'DOYA' MEAN? PIZZA-FACE? MY COMPLEXION IS FLAWLESS!
FINGER LICKIN'
LISTEN TOOTS, IN THIS FAST FOOD JOINT, ACNE IS COMPULSORY UNIFORM!
HUH!
SPROIIING!
BLIP! BLIP! BLIP!
CARO

BAD WEATHER
BY-LIZZY-©91.
IT WAS SNOWING AND SHE FELT LIKE..
A LITTLE KID AGAIN GETTING EXCITED +
HOT WATER CENTRAL
FLICK
COLD SO SHE PUT ON THE HEATING AND...
BIG BILL
THOGGHT OF THE BILL BOY SHE HATED BEING GROWN UP NOW.
HE WATCHED THE SNOW BUT HE WAS TOO....
COLD AND TOO OLD TO FEEL...
ANYTHING ABOUT IT SO HE JUST WRAPPED
UP AS BEST HE COULD TO KEEP WARM.
THEY HAD NEVER SEEN SNOW BEFORE SO....
THEY BUILT A SNOW-MAN AND PLAYED
SNOWBALLS HAVING A GREAT TIME UNTIL...
WET THROUGH AND HAPPY THEY HAD TO GO HOME.
IT WAS SNOWING STILL AND WITH NO PLACE TO GO..
THEY FOUGHT THE COLD IN ANYWAY POSSIBLE AND..
SOUP
SOME PEOPLE HELPED THEM GET BY BUT....
IT DIDNT KEEP THE COLD OUT UNTIL MORNING.
SOME REMEMBERED
SOME JUST WANTED TO KEEP WARM.
SOME WANTED TO ENJOY IT, AND....
SOME NEEDED SO MUCH MORE...!!



MENTO GIRL often found life somewhat predictable.

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